Nesmith

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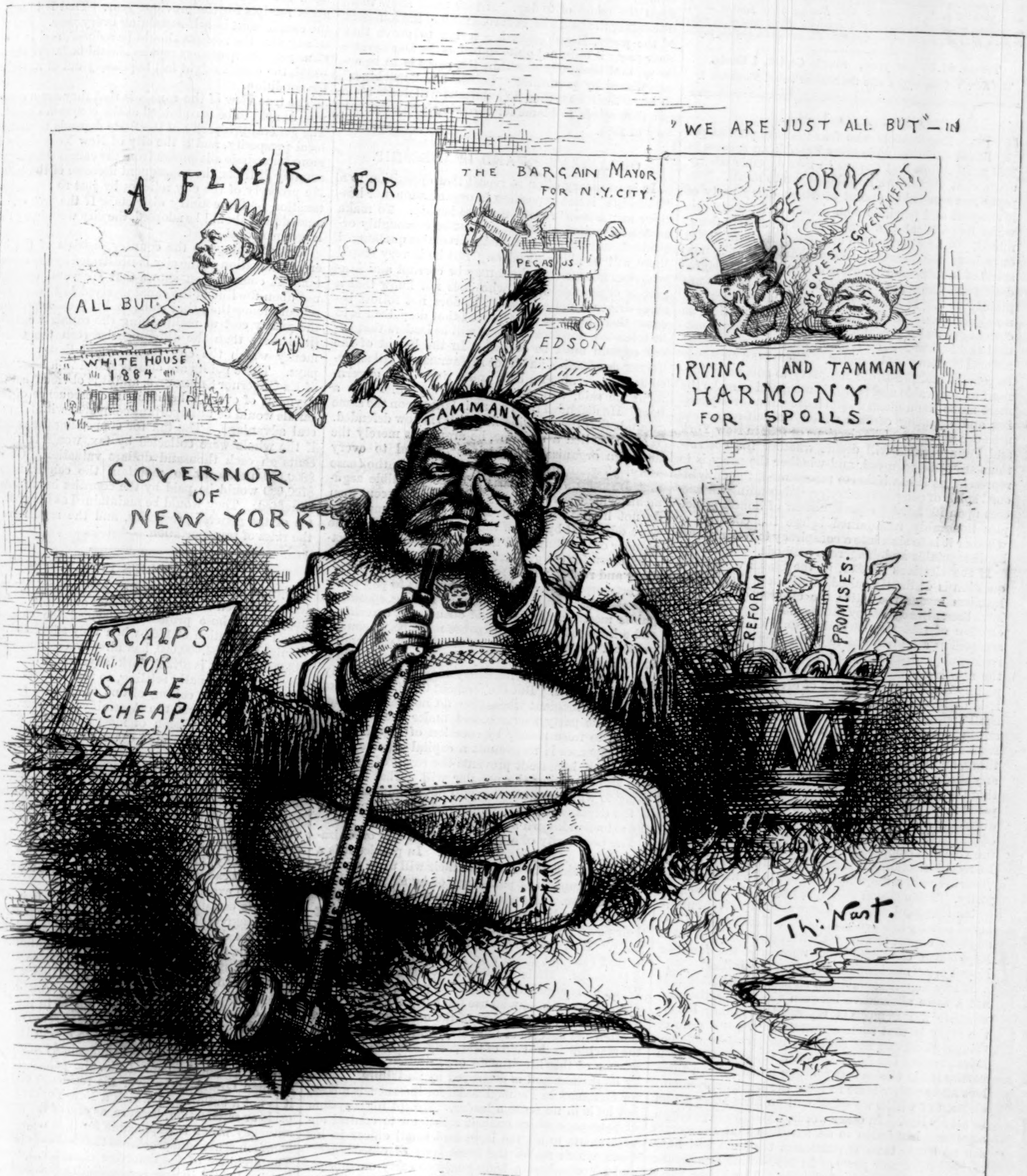
A FLYER FOR
(ALL BUT.
WHITE HOUSE 1884
GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.
THE BARGAIN MAYOR FOR N.Y. CITY.
PEGASUS.
EDSON
"WE ARE JUST ALL BUT"—IN
REFORM.
HONEST GOVERNMENT
IRVING AND TAMMANY HARMONY FOR SPOILS.
TAMMANY
SCALPS FOR SALE CHEAP.
REFORM
PROMISES.
Th: Nast.

DEEP DIPLOMACY.

JOHN KELLY. "I'll let them have their way *before* election, but *I* am boss *afterward*, and don't you forget it."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, October 28, 1882.

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1882 AND 1884.

Those Republicans who fear that the present political situation endangers Republican success in 1884 must reflect that success in 1884 depends wholly upon what 1882 shows Republicanism to mean. The party has reached the point at which every party of intelligent and patriotic men sooner or later arrives, when its political significance must be clearly determined. A new generation of voters has arisen. Not only have the practical issues changed, but a new spirit of inquiry and progress is abroad. The degradation and danger of "boss" and "spoils" politics are plainly seen. It is a new time, with new duties and new questions. A certain view of those question, as certain general policy and practical direction, are natural and logical for the Republican party. But that natural tendency is obstructed. There is an endeavor to pervert and prostitute the party to courses repugnant to honorable and patriotic men, and to make the mere name Republican a sufficient reason for supporting and excusing courses which no self-respecting man can approve. The elections of 1882 in New York and Pennsylvania will decide whether the obstructions are to be removed, and whether the party is to represent, as it has hitherto represented, the enlightened spirit of progress and reform, depending for success upon its honest representation of honest principles honorably maintained before the country, or whether it is to sink into a conspiracy to retain power by disreputable and dangerous methods.

If the elections of 1882, in the States where that question is distinctly raised, shall show that Republicanism means the latter, the election of 1884 will have been already lost by the Republican party. The election of 1880 was carried because Garfield was accepted as a representative of the new and progressive Republicanism which takes the right position upon the new issues. Without such a candidate in 1884, plainly standing for a policy of progress and reform, it is useless to anticipate Republican success. If it shall appear in 1882 that in Pennsylvania Republicanism means Cameronism, and that in New York it means the rule of a machine which hesitates at nothing, and rules by the corruption of patronage, does any student of public affairs and of politics suppose that the party can succeed in 1884 because it emancipated the slaves twenty years ago, and triumphantly directed the glorious war for the Union? The result of an election, as we have often urged, depends upon the vote of a comparatively small number of citizens. In recent elections in New York, where a million of votes are cast, a majority of 20,000 is an average majority. The decision therefore rests with six or eight or ten thousand voters. There are at least that number of strictly independent voters in New York. Does anybody expect to secure their support in 1884 for a Republican candidate who represents the familiar New York "machine" and all that it signifies?

If any honest Republican should ask whether it is not a mere alternative between the two parties, and whether the Democrats represent anything better, the reply is that such a question reveals a state of things which can not continue unless our whole political system has failed. When the choice between parties is the choice between one horse lame in three legs and another lame in four, the same independent element of which we speak will go for a horse sound in all his legs. In other words, when the Republican argument has fallen to an assertion that Democrats are no better than Republicans, the time will have arrived for a new party. In 1850–53 the Democratic party was the party of slavery. The Whig party was penetrated with antislavery sentiment, but its management refused to yield and make it an antislavery party. In Faneuil Hall Mr. Sumner, then a Whig, entreated Mr. Webster to heed the signs of the times, and lead the Whig party in the van of the antislavery movement. In New York the same spirit vainly sought to arouse the Whigs to the perception that upon the commanding issue of the time, as the Democratic party had naturally taken one side, the Whig party must take the other. The Whig managers would not listen. They tried to dodge the tornado, and in 1852 the Whig party totally disappeared. The issue of to-day is not less clearly defined than that of thirty years ago. It is to rescue the suffrage from subjugation by a mercenary class; it is to restore party to its legitimate function by the legal regulation of the patronage; it is to substitute statesmen for "bosses," and government by the people for government by spoils politicians. If the Democratic party stands for all these evils, so much stronger is the argument that the Republican party must stand for their overthrow. And Republicans, not Democrats, must determine the position of their party. We wish that Mr. Depew, in his speech at the Academy, instead of showing where the Democratic party stood upon the issues of day before yesterday, had shown where the Republican party stands upon the issues of to-day. If 1882 shall show that, discarding the bold and generous faith of the founders of the party, Republicans are trying to prove that their party is only not quite so bad as the Democratic party, and that reform within the party is to be accomplished by permitting "bosses" and "machines" to have their way, then Republicans will have none but themselves to blame for throwing away the victory of 1884.

ORGANIZATION AND LEADERSHIP.

It is necessary often to repeat that opposition to a "machine" is not opposition to organization, nor hostility to "a boss" rejection of leadership. To make associated action effective, it must be thoroughly organized, and while human nature remains unchanged there will be always leaders. But he is very stupid who does not see that there may be corrupt and dangerous organization, and who does not know that a slave-driver is not a leader. It does not follow because there must be government that despotism is to be tolerated, nor because there will be leaders that every captain must be obeyed. In the height of the Tweed domination an orator in Tammany Hall sneered at the talk about a boss and a ring. All government, he said, was a ring, and every chief was a boss. He defended the Tweed infamy upon the same grounds that the machine in politics is now defended. What is called a machine, he argued, is merely the thorough organization which is essential to every party. Tweed, he said, was a boss only in the sense that Jefferson was a boss. These plausible arguments, which were precisely those which decent men do not hesitate to use to-day to justify a machine, were advanced by one of the men who shared in the plunder of the Ring, and they were used as a respectable screen for the greatest scheme of municipal swindling and robbery upon record.

Party organization and contributions to pay party expenses there must always be. Printing, speaking, public meeting, circulation of documents, travelling, and a hundred details of expense must be, of course, provided in a political campaign. That is well understood, and those who warmly desire the success of a party will supply the necessary money without any kind of coercion. But the moment that they will not give is the moment when they do not care whether or not the party succeeds, and under such circumstances to raise money by coercion of any kind for party expenses is to commit a capital crime against party itself, because it prevents the result of the election from showing the popular will. That is something to which the country will not submit, and that is the explanation of the universal indignation with the extortion known as political assessments.

The peculiarity of a machine is that it is organization acting by illegitimate means. In politics it is a body of politicians who impose their will upon a party by the corruption of patronage, or by simple bribery and purchase. The party voter is forced to the alternative of merely registering their will and confirming their power, or of apparently aiding the defeat of his party. It is not, however, his party that he defeats in that case, but those who have usurped the power of the party. He is required to honor a forged draft. When he is urged to stand by the party, he is exhorted to support those who use the party name for their own purposes. The defeat of the machine, therefore, is often the success of the party, while the success of the machine is the ruin of the party. A boss is a chief worker of this illegitimate organization, who profits by its success, and is destroyed by its failure. Senator Cameron in Pennsylvania, for instance, is a boss, but he is in no sense a leader. Except for a system of patronage which enables a Senator to control appointments to all the large and small offices in his State, which makes the great body of office-holders and office-seekers a body-guard to carry out his political plans, and which enables him to pay with the public money for personal service rendered to him, would Senator Cameron be in any sense a leader? Does he mould opinion? Does he arouse enthusiasm? Does he personify a popular cause? Does he "lead" in the great political debate of the country or of the State? Senator Cameron is precisely the kind of leader that Mr. John F. Smyth would be were he a Senator. If the Adamses and Jefferson and Hamilton and Webster and Clay and Calhoun were leaders, Mr. Cameron and Mr. Smyth are not leaders. To confound "bosses" with leaders, and a "machine" with organization, may be the desperate sophistry of political knavery, but it is deliberate misrepresentation in the mouth of intelligent Americans.

FREE CANALS.

There is one question to be voted upon at the election in New York which is not political—the freedom of the canals. No man in the State has made a more thorough study of the subject than Ex-Governor Seymour, and we commented last winter upon the force and cogency of his argument for the adoption of Mr. Forster's free-canal amendment. The present situation ought not to continue. The Constitution provides that the collection, superintendence, and repairs upon the canals shall not exceed in any year their gross receipts for the previous year. That is to say, the canals must be self-sustaining every year. But if in any year the receipts should be reduced, and in the same year the necessary repairs should be larger than usual, the canals might fall hopelessly out of navigable condition.

The true view of the canals is that they are a common benefit to be maintained at the common charge. The general prosperity of the State depends upon the local prosperity, and if the city of New York derives more immediate advantage from the canals than some country districts, the consequent increase of the taxable property of the city relieves by just so much the taxation of the country districts. If the free canal amendment should be adopted, the city would pay the larger part of the cost.

This advantage to the country districts of the increased taxation of the city is illustrated by the school tax. A computation shows that six rural counties not upon the line of the canal received last year more school money than they paid; and it is estimated that the yearly cost of maintaining the canals would be little more than the difference between the school money which the city receives and that which it pays. These points are clearly stated in a late letter of Ex-Governor Seymour's, and it is obvious that the payment of every inhabitant in consequence of free canals would be unimportant compared with the general advantage. The tax for supporting the canals, if the whole were collected by tax, would be thirty cents on each thousand dollars valuation. Of the $800,000 necessary to maintain the canals, nearly $700,000 would be paid by the counties immediately benefited. They would be maintained as the guarantee of the general prosperity, and the regulators of the rates of transportation.

NEW YORK'S FOLLY.

One of the consequences of government by recklessness is seen in the State Capitol at Albany. That huge pile, whose projectors alarmed the Constitutional Convention of 1867 when they suggested that it might cost $4,000,000, has already cost more than $13,000,000. It is a vast, dark labyrinth, whose foundations are unequally settling, so that the stability of the stone-vaulted ceiling of one of its most spacious and splendid rooms, the Assembly Chamber, is declared by a commission of most competent experts, after careful and thorough examination, to be exceedingly doubtful. The commission, therefore, recommend that the stone vaulting be removed, and replaced with wood. That is to say, after an expenditure of more than $13,000,000 upon the Capitol, which is not yet finished, it is found that for the sake of safety a very important part of it must be replaced. The Assembly is not likely to sit in a chamber the stone roof of which may fall upon it at any moment, yet no appropriation can be made for the change nor the change authorized except by the Legislature.

This is certainly a pitiful situation. It is all the more disagreeable because it was perfectly possible to have erected a spacious, convenient, and suitable Capitol for the sum which startled the Convention. The new building has perhaps the finest staircase upon the Western continent. But it is so dark that it must be always lighted. There are imposing corridors and noble chambers in the building, but, as in the Capitol at Washington, there is an oppressive sense of sickening waste of money, and failure to obtain the proper accommodation. The pile is undeniably magnificent. It towers over the capital like the palace of a little German Grand Duke over his residence city. But it is not a building in which a New-Yorker can take pride or satisfaction, because, as one of the great constituency which is responsible for it, it impeaches his common-sense, and proclaims that he has been fleeced. The architect of the defective chamber, however, is not implicated in any responsibility but that of professional miscalculation. The commission report only that "it was an error of judgment to erect that most delicate of all architectural devices, a stone groined ceiling, and especially one of unusual span and weight, on foundations not absolutely secured against uneven settlement, and in a position in which it was obviously impossible to balance all the thrusts except by some extraordinary means."

There are many houses in various parts of the country built fantastically at huge expense, and described by the name of their projectors, as "Smith's folly," "Jones's folly," "Jenkins's folly," or whatever the name may be. The Capitol is New York's folly. We have put up an enormous pile at enormous expense, which may yet be of some national service, if it should warn other States not to do likewise. It will certainly emphasize all warnings against wasteful extravagance that may be uttered in the New York Legislature. As some future watch-dog of the State Treasury barks an alarm, and seeks to save the children by the suffering of their fathers, he has only to say to his associates, as he denounces a vast and ruthless expenditure, *Circumspice!*

THE CITIZENS' MUNICIPAL REFORM MOVEMENT.

THE citizens' municipal reform movement will go on, and with increased enthusiasm. The sudden withdrawal of a few of the prominent persons connected with it is more a misfortune for them than for the cause. The situation was not changed by the nomination of Mr. EDSON, because the purpose was not to select an honest partisan Mayor, but to remove the city election from politics, and secure for New York what Brooklyn has happily obtained—a vigorous and efficient non-partisan business administration. Mr. EDSON is personally a reputable citizen, but his nomination was the result of a shameful political bargain. He is the choice of the most notoriously unprincipled political organization in the country. Should he be elected, he would be confronted with enormous responsibilities, in the discharge of which he would be necessarily bound and weakened by the bargains of the factions who have nominated him. In announcing to the Tammany Convention the agreement of these factions upon Mr. EDSON, one of Mr. KELLY'S lieutenants, Mr. JOHN B. HASKIN, said, plainly, "He will distribute the political patronage equitably between the three organizations which have named him"; and before the conference of factions united upon Mr. EDSON, whom Mr. JOHN KELLY proposed, Mr. KELLY said, "There must be an understanding as to how things should be fixed up."

Municipal reform, or even improvement, is not to be expected from a Tammany Mayor, however personally worthy. If honest administration had been the desire of Tammany, it would have accepted Mr. CAMPBELL, who would then have been elected without opposition except possibly from the Republican machine. The sudden retirement of the gentlemen of whom we speak was, therefore, a repudiation of their own distinct and forcible declaration of a few evenings before, that "the election of a Mayor as the representative of any partisan political body is calculated to give corrupt politicians an ally," etc. If there was any reason whatever for beginning the movement, there was every reason for continuing it, because the partisan political factions had united in one body. The gentlemen who withdrew certainly know that if Mr. EDSON should be elected, and should insist, like Mayor GRACE, upon promoting the interests of the city and not the wishes of a "boss," he would be denounced by Tammany, as it denounces Mayor GRACE, as an ingrate, a spy, and a traitor.

The relief of the city of New York is in the hands of its own citizens. What Brooklyn has done, New York can certainly do. Mr. EDSON is doubtless an honest man, but very much more than honesty is required for the proper discharge of the duties of the Mayoralty. Knowledge of city affairs and experience in administration, inflexible courage as well as integrity, sincere faith both in the desirability and possibility of a simple business administration, with sagacity and tact—these are necessary qualifications for a proper Mayor of New York, and these would be found in a man like Mr. CAMPBELL. The ticket should be made up of candidates who might fitly stand with a man like him, and the selection for the County Clerkship should be such as to assure the taxpayers that the important duties of that office would be satisfactorily performed, of which the nomination of Mr. KEENAN is certainly no guarantee. The prospect is most encouraging. The Republicans, the County Democrats who will not be "turned over" by their leaders who have sold them to Tammany, a large wing of the German-born citizens, and the taxpayers who wish an upright, vigorous, and economical business administration, constitute for this election the Citizens' party, and their vote will go far toward placing the government of the city of New York upon a business basis, where it properly belongs.

THE ELEVATED RAILROAD CASE.

THE decision of the Court of Appeals in what is termed the Elevated Railway Case is a proof, which was needed, that citizens have still some rights which corporations are bound to respect. The facts in the case are sufficiently well known. What the Court decided was, in effect, that the owner of property abutting on a street is entitled to have the street reserved for legitimate public uses; that this right is in the nature of "property," which can not be "taken" for any purpose without proper compensation; that "taking" such property consists in infringing upon or abridging or destroying the right, and does not necessarily require the actual possession of tangible and substantial property. In the particular suit decided by the Court there was a covenant by the city with the persons to whom the city granted certain lots that the street (Front) on which the lots abutted should be maintained as a street, and there was also some question as to whether the lot owner or the city held the "fee" of the bed of the street in front of the lots. But these questions were irrelevant, and did not determine the principle announced by the Court, which held that the streets were a trust to the city, which the city was bound faithfully to administer.

The defense opposed by the New York Elevated Railway Company was that the street was occupied and used under an act of the Legislature; but to this the conclusive answer of the Court was that the Legislature had no power under the Constitution to confer upon the railway any such privilege as it claimed to exercise. The opinion of the Court, prepared by Judge TRACY, says: "While the Legislature may regulate the uses of a street as a street, it has, we think, no power to authorize a structure thereon which is subversive of and repugnant to the uses of a street as an open public street.... The extent to which the plaintiff's property is appropriated is not material. It can not, nor can any part of it, be appropriated without compensation." This is the gist of the decision. The law can not give what belongs to the citizen, unless it provides for the payment of the damage inflicted.

It is to be noted with gratification, also, that the Court of Appeals disposed summarily, and with the little respect which it deserved, of the shallow plea that the elevated railways were a great public benefit, and that it was therefore justifiable to impose some private loss, which must be submitted to for the general good. This argument is, in essence, flatly opposed to the principle of free government, and is only a form of the specious plea by which all usurpation and all modern despotism has been justified. It is so captivating to those who do not stop to trace it to its logical consequences that its distinct condemnation by the highest judicial tribunal of the State is wholesome and opportune. The Court declares that it "can have but little weight." Conceding the benefit, "the burden of so great a public improvement can not rightfully be cast upon a few citizens by appropriating their property to public use without compensation. The inhibition found in the Constitution," the Court adds, "against the right of the sovereign to appropriate private property to public use without making compensation therefor, was intended to secure all citizens alike against being compelled to contribute unequally to the public burdens." This declaration of the plain and indisputable meaning of the Constitution frees the provisions of that instrument from the sophistries which the paid ingenuity of corporation lawyers has woven around it. The history of the elevated railways is a very dark and disgraceful one almost from the beginning, and shows at every point a stubborn purpose on the part of the managers to ignore or evade all obligations to the public. It is a matter for profound gratification that at the highest level of the judicial system of the State their impudent pretensions are reduced to their real value, and the modest but sacred rights of individual citizens are recognized.

A MODEST PLEA FOR THE HUGHES LIBRARY.

THE official authorities of the Rugby settlement, in Tennessee, announce that, contrary to a general impression, it has now passed safely through most of the diseases of infancy. There is a considerable population in Rugby and its neighborhood. There are more than sixty children at school. The settlers are of a class that would wisely use a library, and the authorities state in a modest circular that it is now proposed to complete the expense of the necessary building.

The Hughes Library, named for Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, was contributed by the leading publishers of every part of the country, and it was made "symmetrical" by gentlemen in Chicago who remembered the services of Mr. HUGHES in re-establishing the library there after the fire. The permanent library building is finished, and a balance of about $600 only remains to pay. This sum, it is hoped, may be raised by subscriptions of whatever amount from the friends of Mr. HUGHES and of the enterprise, addressed either to Mr. DANA ESTES, of Boston, or ALEX HILL, of ROBERT CLARKE & Co., Cincinnati.

THE HUBBELL DRAG-NET.

FROM a consular officer of the United States, farther away than England or France, or Germany or Italy, we have received a copy of a second HUBBELL circular, expressed in rather less peremptory and more polite terms than that which is sent to domestic postmasters and clerks of every degree. The failure to respond to the first circular is not, as with the clerks, "noted with surprise," but Mr. D. B. HENDERSON remarks that not having received a response to the invitation to aid in the coming campaign, he is "instructed to communicate with you again upon the subject." After stating that the committee is giving much attention to the South, where the Republicans are not able to meet the ordinary expenses of a campaign, the circular concludes, "It is earnestly hoped that you will not abandon your party in the present important struggle, and that you will at an early day give favorable attention to the request of May 15, 1882."

There may be those who wonder what possible objection there can be to a courteous request for a subscription in aid of a proper purpose. There is no objection whatever to such a request. But there is every objection when the very fact of a request is an intimation that the place of the person who is solicited depends, directly or indirectly, upon his compliance. Mr. HUBBELL's circulars have been most serviceable in arousing public attention to the outrageous wrong of this method of filling a party treasury, but he and his associates have dealt the most damaging blows of the year to the Republican party.

Collector ROBERTSON, of New York, has officially stated that while he does not object to gifts that are really free, he will not permit solicitation of his subordinates, either oral or written, on the part of any officer, nor shall any outsider solicit within the building, nor shall any subscription paper be circulated there. He added, in conversation, that if he found any of his subordinate officers violating the law, he should report their names at once to the District Attorney. The Postmaster has issued a similar official order. The Collector and the Postmaster of course mean what they say. Public opinion will cordially sustain them, and the same opinion will demand of Congress a law prohibiting this extortion.

PERSONAL.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of the Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, the Right Rev. BENJAMIN BOSWORTH SMITH, of Kentucky, will be held in St. Paul's Chapel in this city on October 31. A commemorative service will be held morning and evening at St. Paul's Chapel on Sunday, the 29th, when sermons will be delivered by sons of the bishops who, together with Bishop MCILVAINE, were consecrated with Bishop SMITH.

—The professorship of Hebrew at Oxford, which was so long held by the late Dr. PUSEY, was of small pecuniary value—only $200 a year—but it carries with it a canonry of Christ Church, which is worth $6250 a year.

—Mr. HUGO HERKOMER, A.R.A., is now on his way to the United States, with the view of making a "portrait tour" throughout the country. His last work in London was a likeness of Minister LOWELL.

—Mr. ROYAL WOODWARD, who died a few days since at his home in Albany, owned one of the largest private libraries in the country. He was not an author, a professional man, or rich connoisseur, but simply a peddler of sewing silk. For many years he invested his considerable savings in books, and is supposed to have left more than 30,000 volumes. His tastes ran to theology, genealogies, and town histories. His library was never arranged, but was stowed from garret to cellar, in parlor and wood-shed. He was an honorary member of several antiquarian and literary societies in this country and Europe.

—Miss CATHERINE WOLFE, of this city, well known for the extent and munificence of her charities, is erecting at Newport a villa that will be the finest and costliest of any in that city of little palaces. The site is at Ochre Point, and was the homestead of the late WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE.

—Nothing like keeping it in the family. Dr. LOVETT and Judge MERRIWETHER, of Newton, Georgia, married the twin daughters of Bishop ANDREW. Both becoming widowers, they married two more of the bishop's daughters. Being again bereaved, they have for a third time married sisters.

—The Hon. and Rev. CECIL BYNG, who already has several soft and pleasant preferments in the Church, is about to step into one of its very choicest places—the Deanery of Windsor. The income of the position is $10,000 a year. Besides living in the sunlight of royalty, and enjoying all the social honor and unspeakable comforts of the position, he is virtually director of the Queen's conscience in many clerical matters. He is now one of the Queen's chaplains.

—Mr. EDWARD CLARK, who died a few days since at his residence in Cooperstown, was one of the founders and for many years president of the Singer Sewing-machine Company. He left a fortune estimated at from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. Mr. CLARK was a graduate of Williams College, and after being admitted to the bar, formed a partnership with AMBROSE L. JORDAN. Mr. SINGER, the inventor, retained him in several litigations with ELIAS HOWE, Jun., and others, and he gradually worked into the business until he became Mr. SINGER's partner. Afterward the firm transferred its interests to the stock company which is now so wealthy and famous. Of its stock he owned nearly one-half. He was also one of the largest holders of real estate on the west side of Central Park. For the land on which the Dakota apartment-house stands he paid $250,000. He was a very charitable man, but quite unostentatious.

—After an existence of nearly one hundred years one of Ireland's most flourishing workshops—Mr. SMYTH's stocking factory at Balbriggan—has just been destroyed by fire. Its products were concededly the best in Europe.

—The Vicomte de la Panouse, husband of Madame HEILBRON, the prima donna, is now working from sunrise to sunset in a diamond mine in Africa. He was formerly quite wealthy, but lost most of it in the financial panic of '81.

—Like Mr. EDISON in this country, some of the foreign electricians have acquired great wealth. M. LECLANCHE, who died recently in France at the early age of forty, left an enormous fortune to his young wife and two babes.

—They propose to do something in Italy in March next for RAPHAEL by way of celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth. At Urbino a monument is to be erected of white Carara marble, prizes for which have been offered to competitors.

—Mr. HERBERT SPENCER has been thoroughly and very carefully interviewed by an experienced professor of the art, and the result appeared in all the morning papers of this city on Friday, the 20th inst. It is an interesting document, and will be universally read both in this country and in England. His criticisms are quite frank and quite sharp. On the whole, however, Mr. SPENCER approves of the United States of America, and concludes by saying: "I think that whatever difficulties they may have to surmount, and whatever tribulations they may have to pass through, the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known."

—Sir GARNET WOLSELEY and Sir BEUCHAMP SEYMOUR, who are to have peerages, were offered either a pension of $10,000 a year for life or a sum of $250,000. Naturally and wisely they elected to take the latter.

—Mr. KNIGHT, the new Lord Mayor of London, began business life as a warehouse porter in the city of which he is now Chief Magistrate.

—The recent publication of the *Life of George Ripley* furnishes many interesting incidents in the life of one who for over thirty years was prominent in the literature of the country. After the breaking up of the Brook Farm Community Mr. RIPLEY came to New York, in 1849, and was employed as a literary assistant on the *Tribune* at a salary of $5 a week. This was gradually raised, until in 1864 it reached $30. From 1864 to 1866 it grew to $50, and in January, 1871, it was fixed at $75 a week, at which point it remained until his death, in 1880. He had, however, many other sources of income in his contributions to different journals. With HARPER'S MAGAZINE his connection commenced with the first number, as a writer of literary notices. Subsequently he became and continued up to his death one of the regular readers of works offered to HARPER & BROTHERS for publication. Aside from this, he was associated with Mr. CHARLES A. DANA in the editorship of *Appleton's Cyclopædia*, and by agreement with the publishers the two editors received 12½ cents on every volume sold. Up to about the time of Mr. RIPLEY's death the number of volumes sold of both the large editions was 1,459,550, which would give as Mr. RIPLEY's share $91,221. He was also paid $240 a month for extra work on the revision, which was begun in 1876, and was continued until the condensed edition of the *Cyclopædia*, in four volumes, was finished.

THE CITY OF WILLIAM PENN.

IN FOUR PARTS.

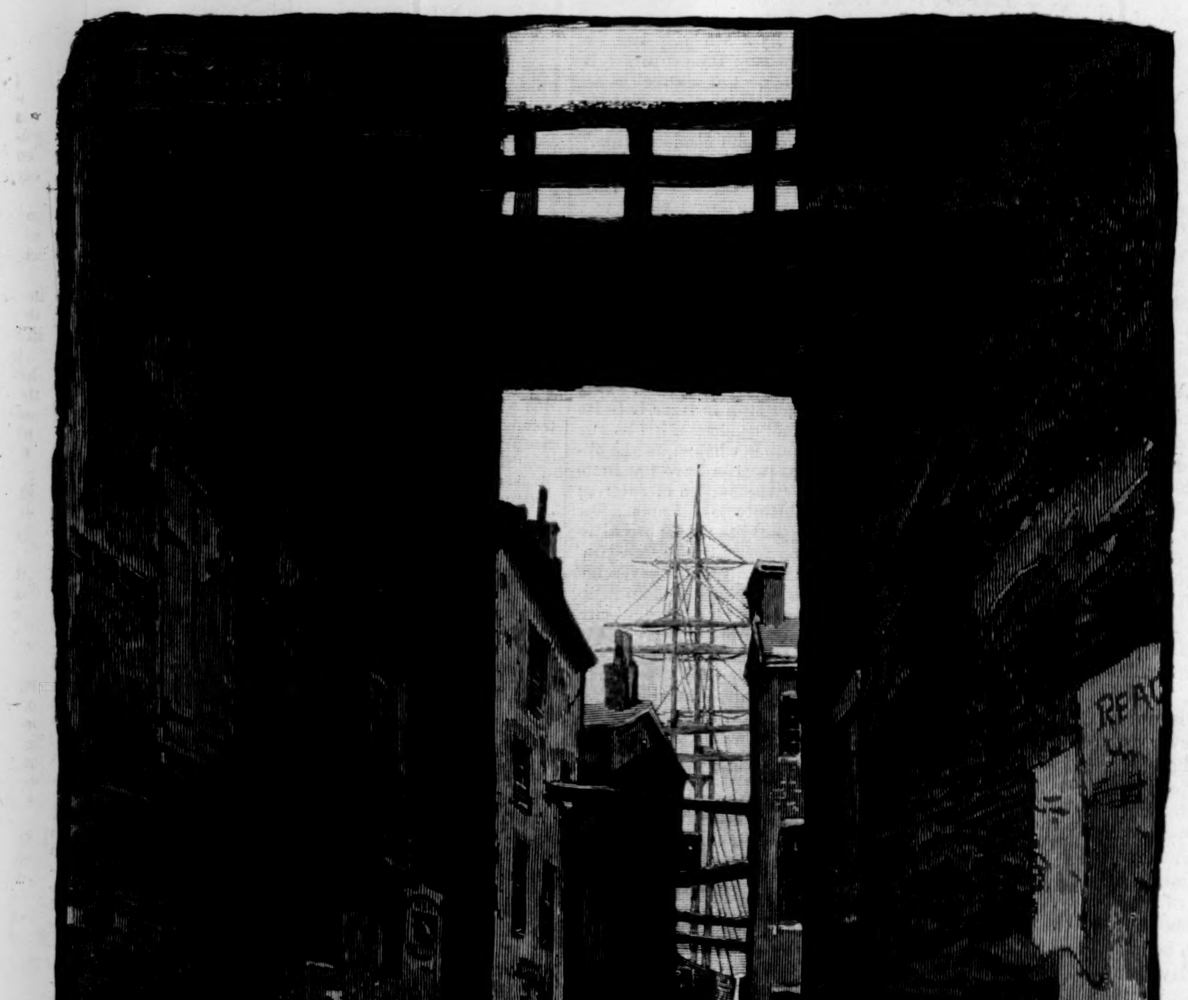
IV.

One thing that strikes us in Penn and his follow-Quakers is their great love for natural beauty, and their desire to retain as much of it as possible within city limits. The more they disdained art, the closer they clung to nature, but nature in her simplest moods. The bare outlines of their old buildings were softened by the greenness and freshness of their surroundings. In recalling the scenes of primitive Philadelphia it is impossible to forget its trees and flowers and birds, its rivers and pretty winding creeks, even as in reading old ballads one is always conscious of the "grene shawe" and the free out-of-door life. Penn made every effort to preserve all the natural advantages of *Quequenaku*, or the Grove of Pines. It was his original intention to leave the river-bank undisturbed, and to make of it a walk for the citizens, so that they might continue to enjoy the scenery by the river-shore. It was to belong to the city and not to individuals. "The bank is a top common from end to end," he answered those who objected to his plans. "The rest next the water belongs to front-lot men [*i. e.*, owners on Front Street] no more than back-lot men. The way bounds them. They may build *stairs*, and the top of the bank be a common exchange or walk." These stairs were built, and are still in existence, leading from Water up to Front Street. They give a touch of picturesqueness to the steep hill which Penn meant to keep beautiful, and which those who came after him succeeded in making so ugly. Standing on the topmost steps, one can look between tall dingy warehouses at the water and the white sails of the boats passing by, and the narrow street seems fresher after this glimpse of free air, just as the dark walls of a room can be made brighter by a beautiful picture hanging on them.

When the Quakers provided a home for the poor of their community they made it pretty in true Quaker fashion. The old almshouse and its cottages, with quaint steep roofs and tall chimneys, were surrounded by trees, grass beds, and shrubbery, while

> "Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden."

During the warm weather old women sat in front of their little houses knitting or sewing, and the men cut the grass and tended the flowers. Children, who came from all parts of the town to buy the famous molasses candy made by one of the inmates, laughed and played on the lawn, filling the quiet place with the sound of their strong young voices. But these houses, like the people who lived and died in them, would be forgotten were it not for the story of the lives of Evangeline and Gabriel. After all, whether these two weary Acadians really lived, and whether the latter, if he did, would have found his way to the almshouse, are questions of slight consequence. The old building has become so associated with Longfellow's poem that so long as the latter lives it will be remembered as the pretty flowery "home of the homeless" standing "in the midst of meadows and woodlands."



OLD STAIRS IN WATER STREET.

THE BICENTENARY OF PHILADELPHIA.—Illustrated by Joseph Pennell.

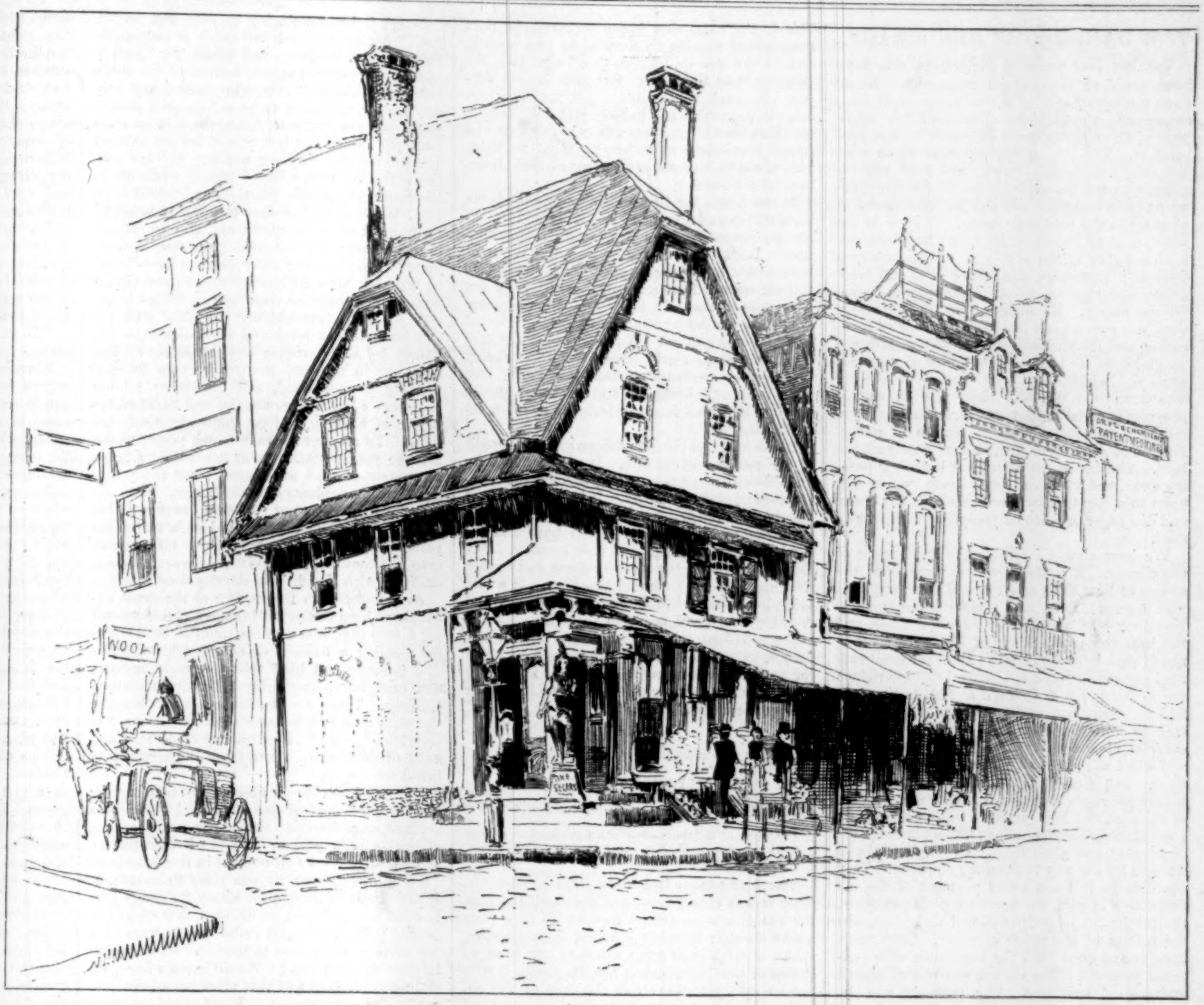
Men of every creed being sure of a welcome, Philadelphia soon had not only its meeting-houses, but its churches. Already at the time of Penn's arrival the Swedes had a place where they met for their religious services, but, strictly speaking, it was a fortress rather than a church. Like Catholic sanctuaries of old, it was a refuge for those whose lives were in danger, and for all in need of spiritual consolation. It was built of logs, and had loop-holes instead of windows, and there frightened men and women collected at the first sound of the Indian war-whoop. On Sunday mornings its walls were lined with guns, for no man ventured through the woods without his weapon of defense. They wished to be ready for chance game, they told the Indians, but in reality they were on the alert for chance foes. But when, with Penn, better and more peaceful times began, they tore down the old block-house and erected in its place the Gloria Dei Church. Baptists and Presbyterians at first united their fortunes religiously, held their service conjointly in the Barbadoes "lot store"—a one-story frame building, afterward a stocking shop, and listened to clergymen of either denomination. It was in this substitute for a church that Elias Keach preached his famous first sermon. He was very young when he came to Philadelphia, but he wore the bands and professional black clothes, and announced himself as a minister. There were so few visits from clergymen then that the congregation were eager to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he paused, hesitated, and then, with much confusion, told the people he was a sham—he was not a clergyman, and had merely intended to amuse himself at their expense.

It seems that afterward he undertook in earnest what he had begun in sport, and having been baptized and ordained, led a most exemplary life. Members of the Church of England met in a little frame house the ceiling of which could be touched by the outstretched hand, and which was near a large duck pond. It was a pretty place, and one well known, because by it the Indians had formerly held their religious celebrations, having on one occasion when Penn was present finished the ceremonies by running races and going through gymnastic sports for his special delectation. Then the young of the pale-faced race took possession of it, skating there in winter, and in summer gathering the flowers and berries with which its bank was covered. If the boys of those days were at all like the modern specimens, there must have been many youthful moral struggles on summer Sunday mornings. It was hard to listen to long sermons or to doze in straight-backed pews, when but a few steps beyond birds were singing sweetly, and cool green trees overshadowed the soft mossy ground.

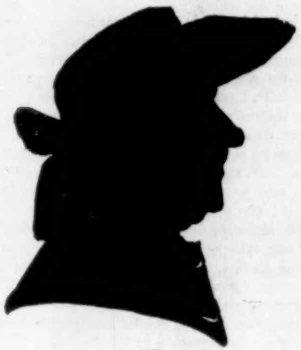
When spiritual needs were provided for, the good Quakers bethought them of temporal luxuries. Despite the pleasures of home life they could enjoy occasionally eating a chop or drinking a glass of wine in more convivial society. As colonial affairs grew more complicated there was much town gossip, and many political problems which were best discussed away from the women and children. Taverns were plentiful enough, but they were frequented by the disorderly and the dissipated. William Penn, Jun., and the young pleasure-loving Governor, John Evans, by their wild escapades, gave them a bad name. For the benefit, then, of the graver and staider citizens coffee-houses like those in London were established, and these in their time acquired great celebrity. There was Pegg Mullen's, which was "known and visited by persons from Boston to Georgia." At James's it is recorded that Mrs. Shoemaker's grandfather drank his first cup of tea.

But their glory fades before the greater splendor of the Old London Coffee-house as candle-light is eclipsed by the sun. This building, with its high gables and quaint overhanging eaves, dates from the earliest days, having been put up by Charles Read, that "truly honest man," in 1702, but it was not until half a century had passed that it awoke and found itself famous. It then became in Philadelphia what the hero is in a play—a central figure around which all characters and incidents are grouped. It is full of memories of Revolutionary times. A history of all the incidents that occurred in connection with it would be the truest history of the people and their feelings. By its doors Captain Wise drank his bowl of punch while the crowd cheered him for having brought home the good news that the Stamp Act was repealed; and there, too, Dr. Kearsley swallowed his in hot haste while the populace hooted and jeered him because of his Tory proclivities. And in this way we can follow the brewing storm in all its stages, until it finally burst forth in full fury. All classes of citizens frequented the Coffee-house. One day it might be Robert Proud, the grave school-master and historian, whose contempt of social pleasures was but a veil to hide the bitterness of disappointed love; or else perhaps James Pemberton, come to consult his fellow-Quakers about the advisability of sending a petition to England to beg that all colonial difficulties be settled by peaceful measures; the next, it was **Ogle** and **French**, the British Orestes and Pylades, always gay, because they were young and thoughtless. It was the former who, leaning over the alderman who was writing an order to commit him for his disorderly conduct, cried out, with sarcastic seriousness, "My father was a justice of the peace too, but he used to spell 'circumstance' with a *c*." By which he raised a hearty laugh at the expense of the poor alderman, who in his discomfiture washed his hands of the culprit as of a hopeless case. Now crowds came to the Coffee-house to attend a slave sale, and again they hurried thither to watch the troops as they marched by on their way to the battle-field.

Events varied from day to day like the shifting scenes of a panorama. This old house, which has now deteriorated into a tobacco warehouse, gaudily painted in reds and yellows, is a link between old and new Philadelphia. Built by the men who cleared the ground and made the city that they might be free, it was the rendezvous of their descendants, who fought that they might retain the freedom so dearly won. The first heroes conquered natural enemies; their successors defeated human foes. If **Elizabeth Hard** is the typical heroine of the first generation, **Lydia Darrach** is of the second. When the town was occupied by British forces, she was living in the **Luxley** house, an old-fashioned frame building, with projecting lower floor and balcony above, which belonged originally to Captain **Luxley**, popularly known as the "Fire Drake." The British commander took possession of one of its rooms to use as a council chamber, and by the door of this apartment, **Lydia Darrach** leaned one night in breathless suspense. "Listen at a hole, and ye'll hear news o' yoursel'," did not hold good in her case, for what she heard concerned the fate of the American troops, whom she, at the risk of her own life, was thereby enabled to save.



THE LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE, TO-DAY.

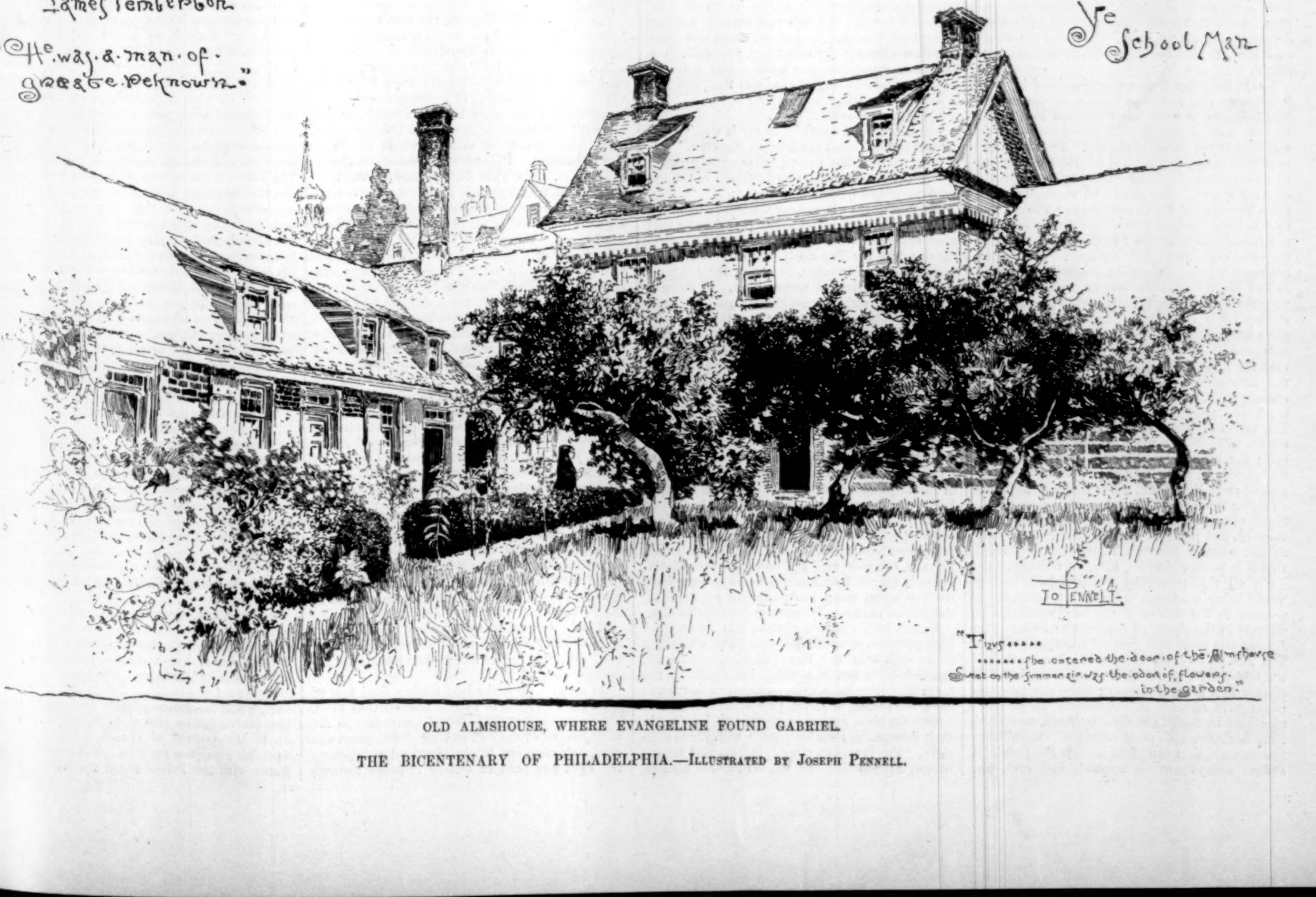

James Pemberton
"He was a man of greate reknown."

And thus the world-play went on in Philadelphia, each new scene adding some sweet or stirring association to plain brick buildings, so that these, to whomsoever can read, tell many a tale of human hopes and fears.

Thus far we have dealt entirely with the Philadelphia of the early days, as a fitting introduction to the week of pageantry and pomp with which the city celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of **William Penn**. It is unnecessary to dwell on the magnitude and wealth attained by the city which he founded in the wilderness, or on the changes which time and circumstances have made in its people and in its outward appearance. It is highly probable that the mild and peace-loving Friend, could he return to be a spectator of the festivities instituted in his honor, might raise a gentle protest against the gorgeousness of the pageant. Severe simplicity would have been more to his taste, as the venerable **Whittier** has suggested; but the taste of the present time demands gay coloring, a grand parade, military trappings, and attractive tableaux. So we are to have the splendid paraphernalia that drew crowds to witness the Baltimore Oriole Celebration, a magnificent military display, and a grand civic procession representing trades, industries, etc. There is something laughably incongruous to have, in a procession in honor of **William Penn**, a representation of the "great car of Juggernaut," "Cleopatra's Barge," "Queen Zenobia seated on an elephant," "Queen Elizabeth, seated on a throne, granting a favor to Shakspeare," and a large canopy "under which will sit the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots." But without a doubt this sort of pageantry will "draw" much better than anything which would have gratified the severe simplicity of **Whittier**, and contribute greatly to the popular success of the celebration.

Elizabeth Robins.

Robt Proud
Ye School Man


JO PENNELL
"Thus ......
.... she entered the door of the Almshouse
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers
in the garden."

OLD ALMSHOUSE, WHERE EVANGELINE FOUND GABRIEL.

THE BICENTENARY OF PHILADELPHIA.—Illustrated by Joseph Pennell.

THE DANGEROUS DEMOCRACY.

THE last four years of Republican rule have been years of unexampled prosperity. Never have the advantages of a free government been so signally conspicuous. The people in every part of the country have advanced in ease and comfort. The tide of improvement began with the return to honest money and good government, with the complete control of the Republican party in Congress, and the partial restoration of order in the Southern States. It grew in the later years of President Hayes's administration, it rose higher in the first year of the lamented Garfield; it promises to advance even still more swiftly under his successor. Confidence and hope fill the nation. Its material wealth is greater than was ever known before. Its crops of food, cotton, and the various products of the earth are the finest in its history. Its mines of gold and silver yield abundantly. Its wood and coal seem inexhaustible. We may hope that its mental progress is equal to its material, and that the intellect is not lost amidst an excess of riches. Peace and good order prevail over nearly all the land. The bitterness of sectional strife is passing away, and wherever Republicans rule we can point to a country more fortunate than any other, and one eager to share its prosperity with all who need.

We have almost forgotten the suddenness of the change. It is scarcely four years since the streets of New York and Philadelphia were lined with vacant stores and useless houses; since Broadway was deserted by its usual trade, and the iron and coal dealers of Pennsylvania had nearly sunk into bankruptcy; since the great railroad corporations felt the general distress; since the working-man in Chicago and St. Louis could find no occupation, and San Francisco and New Orleans seemed undone together; since a Democratic and reactionary majority ruled in Congress, and filled the air with its mischievous suggestions. In the rapid strides of our new prosperity we are too ready to forget the trials and dangers of the past, and how much we owe to the steady persistence of the Republican leaders in the paths of honesty and good faith. Grant, Hayes, and Garfield led the way to the new prosperity. They demanded a full and exact payment of the national debt in gold, the return to specie payments, the fulfillment of every national obligation, and the reform of the paper currency. They made honesty and good faith the foundation of our national progress. The change was one of almost unexampled swiftness. The currency was reformed. The honest impulse gave life to the nation, and in 1879 and 1880 began that swift tide of manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural prosperity which nothing but a Democratic victory can check.

All parts of the country have shared in it alike; but nowhere has the career of improvement been so remarkable as in the lands beyond the Mississippi. The railroads, planned by intelligent and active managers, pierce the new country; the settler follows in their track. From Canada to Mexico the wonderful process has gone on with unexampled swiftness. Immigration presses on from Europe to the Pacific. The hopes of the working-men of nearly all the European nations are fixed upon the wild lands that spread beneath the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. Within five years Dakota, Montana, Northern Minnesota, and the elder States, Kansas and Nebraska, have become the homes of an ever-increasing population, and nowhere has the Republican love for free schools and colleges, railroads and easy communications, free speech and liberal thought, been so generally displayed. Foreigners and natives imbibe the Republican sentiment, and a true democracy expels the false. Nowhere are there such great Republican majorities as in these new States.

To the Southern States, once desolated by war, Republican rule has been equally advantageous. The Southern section has recovered itself, and become more intelligent and prosperous than it was ever in the period of slavery. Emancipation is preparing the way for the full development of its wide resources. The cotton crop is the greatest ever known. The grain and vegetable crops from Maryland to Texas are said to be finer than ever before. A rigid rule of the Democratic and reactionary class in the Southern States is still the chief obstacle to their advance. The people are not yet free. Education languishes, and unskilled labor wastes the soil or prohibits manufactures. But even here the rule of the reactionary caste is shaken. East and West Virginia are beginning to recognize the necessity of independent and cultivated thought. It is said that the great State of Texas is already feeling the Republican impulse, and asking for free schools and free speech. The Southern section must soon yield to the general tide of progress. The mines of West Virginia, Tennessee, and Alabama will build up many a great manufacturing city; the boundless plains of Texas may feed their millions, and New Orleans and Charleston almost rival New York. But they can never do so under Democratic control. Democracy at the South means the suppression of free speech, free thought, and personal independence. It is only as the country becomes Republican or liberal that it is made the fitting home of freemen.

To all this prosperity a Democratic victory would bring a sudden reverse. It would bring poverty to the homes of the working-men, and distrust in the circles of finance and trade. The Democratic caste that governs the Southern section has no love for the working-man. Before the rebellion, it would have reduced the laboring classes to a general slavery; since the peace, it has nearly effected it. It breaks up political meetings in South Carolina by force, and overruns Alabama with cruel outrages. Republican free schools, that can alone elevate the people, it suffers everywhere to languish and even die. This is the party that hopes to carry the next Presidential election by force in its own section, and by the aid in the North of men like Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Kelly. But does any one suppose that such an election would not bring disaster to the nation and to freedom? What business man would intrust his affairs to servants who forced themselves upon him? What workingman would believe the professions of these Bourbons of the South?

In the North the Democratic party has shown itself still more dangerous. New York and Brooklyn are the monuments of its financial unsoundness. Both cities it reduced to the verge of bankruptcy, and the wounds it has inflicted they will not recover from in many a year. Does any one suppose that Mr. Kelly and Mr. Cleveland would manage better the affairs and finances of the State and nation? Would any business man again employ as clerks persons who had nearly destroyed his credit and wasted his money? Can New York and Brooklyn find no better public servants than this faction which has so often despoiled them.

In the hands of the Republican party the credit of the nation will be safe. It has managed its finances with discretion; it has brought the country unexampled prosperity. It hates the rule of Bourbons in the South, and is slowly sapping the bulwarks of their power. Even Louisiana denounces their shot-guns and their tyranny. The Republican party proposes to reform and restore the cities of New York and Brooklyn. It would bring health and cleanliness to their streets, and economy and good order to their finances. It hopes to reform the civil service, to educate the people, to soften sectional differences, to blend the nation in one harmonious unity. For this it calls upon the younger citizens to lend it all their energy, the elder all their counsel.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A Crotchet of Science.—Statistics of Suicide.—Overworking young Brains.—Our Country Dogberries.—Transplanted Snobbism.

THE dead season in London (that is, when nobody is left there) is naturally enough the time for the ghosts of extinct theories to take their walks abroad; now is the period for suggesting that the earth is as great a flat, or nearly so, as it looks; that vaccination has its perils, if it is not an open question; that the case of the ritualists in the Church of England runs a good second to that of the Smithfield martyrs; and that an unpaid magistracy is its country's pride. It is also the time for airing little hobbies which have just come into being—the very colts of theories. The last scientific notion is that cigarette smoking is slow suicide. A strong cigar or two, or a few ounces of shag tobacco, may be indulged in with impunity; but the invidious ravages of the cigarette are fatal. So have I heard the sages of a quarter of a century ago maintain that "Don Juan" was harmless ("The coarseness of the description, sir, disgusts you at once," etc.), but that "Lalla Rookh" was poison to any household by reason of its indelicate insinuation. It would not astonish me to find during the next autumn holidays an onslaught in some medical journal upon negus, as being, on the whole, a more dangerous and pernicious drink than brandy. The truth is that, as a general rule, cigarettes are smoked by those only who find tobacco in any stronger form to disagree with them. Of course, if a man is never without a cigarette in his mouth, he will lose appetite, and get ill; and so he would if he smoked a straw. But this new crusade against them is all rubbish. One of the crusaders came up to an offender the other day, and said, in a grewsome voice, "Do you know I had a friend who got cancer in the tongue from that, and had to have an operation performed?"

"Was it successful?"

"Yes, sir; I am thankful to say it was."

"All right; then I shall go on smoking."

Thus we see that among other evils wrought by the fanatical assertions of science is the encouragement of frivolous replies.

The gentlemen who believe too implicitly in the doctrine of averages, and would persuade us that when accidents are scarce during any year, a good big one, like the Tay Bridge catastrophe, is sure to happen in December, to make their figures right, have received a severe blow. If there is one thing to which these "scientists" pin their faith more firmly than another, it is the regularity of suicide. "Suicides, my dear sir, will be found to increase in precisely the same ratio as population." Now in France, according to the just published official statistics, the number of suicides has trebled within the last fifty years. In 1830, there were five suicides to every 100,000 inhabitants; in 1880, there were fifteen. Again, among predisposing causes, it has been thought—and I must say very naturally—that living in the country was one of the chief, whereas it seems that in the Department of the Seine (which includes Paris) suicides are most numerous, and in that of Corsica the least. Moreover, so far from fogs and bad weather having anything to do with it, the percentage of self-destruction is thirty-nine for the summer and eighteen for the winter. What is very sad, and comes home to ourselves, for the same thing has happened in England, there is an immense increase in juvenile suicide.

I can't help thinking that in this country the high pressure of education may have something to do with this last fact. A school inspector, Mr. Colt-Williams, in making his report to the Council of Education, calls particular attention to the overworking of young pupils, many of whom "pass sleepless nights, or mutter their sums in their dreams." Poor little souls, with whom even sleep, "the innocent sleep," is harassed by the demon Arithmetic! In Mr. Williams's district, "though it has no singing by note, and no science," he thinks much too much is taught for young brains to carry, and pleads for "soundness in elementary subjects instead of the smattering of a medley." Oh, wise judge! and how much wiser, inasmuch as he is himself a professional educationist, than which there is no class more pig-headed and ignorant of human nature! The "three r's" (reading, writing, and arithmetic) is the cry with which I myself would go to the country upon this question, and to the town too. When a boy has once thoroughly acquired them, he is fit for anything, and all else follows in due course; but how seldom he does acquire them! That "we are wiser than we know" may be true, but boys are not so wise as our education-mongers imagine them to be. What is the good, as Mr. Williams bluntly puts it, of an *h*-less and unintelligent rendering of Shakspeare and Milton, let alone science and astronomy? The great art in teaching is to make step by step thoroughly understood, and this is so seldom done that a boy may mount the first flight of the ladder of learning, and yet know absolutely nothing. To attempt to teach Greek poetry to the average young gentlemen at our public schools is a waste of time and money; but the young gentlemen have plenty of both to spare. With the juvenile rustic it is not so, and to overwork his brain with matters beyond his ken is to rob his parents of his childish earnings to no purpose, even if it does not, as Mr. Williams asserts it does, interfere with his physical development.

At Braunston, in Devon, two of the great unpaid have been distinguishing themselves by sending a man to prison, with two months' hard labor, for stealing a handful of oats for his donkey. The prisoner had been thirty years in service, and brought up creditably a family of sixteen children. These are the sentences which make the poor man cry, in more senses than one, "O Lord! how long?" I confess my blood boils as I write of such brutes. It is these Dogberries that breed revolution.

"Perish India" is an observation that has excited a good deal of comment, and has drawn perhaps more attention to that province than has otherwise been paid to it by the British public. If we really do take an interest in the domain of "the Empress," now is the time to evince it. British India is threatened with a "Peerage and Landed Gentry" book of its own, and an enterprising publisher is said to be only in want of a few more subscriptions to start it. Can nothing be done to avert this? We all know what a social nuisance books of this class have been and are in our own country. What snobbism they engender, what miserable subjects they suggest for conversation, and what sacrifices are made by middle-class households to secure the possession of the sacred but expensive volume! We have surely made India ridiculous enough by calling it an empire when it is only a dependency, and though we have not been able to Christianize its native rulers, it will be only too easy to inoculate them with the follies of swelldom. For pity's sake, let us put a stop, while there is yet time, to the growth of black "county families" and swelldom with a tar brush.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

AN URBINO SALT-CELLAR.

ON a certain March evening the home of Mr. Derby presented an aspect of unusual animation; even the passers-by may have been aware that the Prince would dine there, and the whole neighborhood have basked in the sunshine of such condescension.

The city was Washington, the street near the Arlington Hotel, and the house a bachelor's dominions well known to bon-vivants of all nationalities. Mr. Derby held an office under government, had travelled considerably, and prided himself on being something of a connoisseur in art. In personal appearance he was a small, rather rubicund gentleman, with a quick blue eye, and ready adaptiveness of manner, which had won him popularity. His enemies pronounced him a lion-hunter. His little dinners had gained him celebrity in Washington. He spent days in preparation of epicurean surprises, and then assumed a gentle deprecation of all praise. If he afterward heard, "Where does Derby get his Château d'Yquem?" or, "By Jove! Derby is the only man who understands a soupe à la bisque, a Parmesan soufflé, out of Paris," he was happy.

Fame as a gourmand was a difficult rôle worth playing in a land of Irish servants and high wages. The Prince was a Russian, and the latest celebrity in the national capital. His title need not be given to unaccustomed ears, because he was known simply as the Prince. For two months society had flocked to the shrine of a new idol in a flutter of excitement, and thrown about him the garlands of pleasure. Smiles greeted him on every side; his advent was marked by the glitter of jewels and the rustlings of rich toilets in crowded ball-rooms, all assumed to do him honor. Of course everybody knew the most minute particulars of his history. His palace in St. Petersburg, his estates on the Volga, his mines in the Ural, his vast glass manufactories near Moscow, were all discussed with the most lively interest at kettledrum and reception. The town dreamed of the Prince, dressed for the Prince, posed for the Prince, and could never gaze enough at the Prince.

Now he had fallen to the share of Mr. Derby, and had graciously consented to break bread with him. Why not? He had broken bread with everybody else.

At seven o'clock the host made a final tour of his suite of rooms to satisfy himself that Fritz, his Swiss servant, had obeyed his orders in the arrangement of the veriest trifle. The place was charming, cozy, and bijou. In the drawing-room the light was shed in mellow radiance through tinted globes on curtains of amber satin, Venetian glass, piano, and gilded harp. In one corner the bronze Narcissus occupied a pedestal; in another, a marble statuette of the Canova Venus was shaded by draperies of lace; on the walls, Titian's Magdalene and Queen of Cyprus glowed with richest life-coloring in contrast with frames of ebony. An open door revealed a glimpse of bed-chamber draped in blue satin, filled with every luxury of the toilet—those trifles in crystal and ivory and silver which denote the confirmed bachelor.

Mr. Derby surveyed his dominions with a smile of satisfaction. He even peered again into the smoking and billiard rooms, then paused on the threshold of the dining-room, scanning anxiously the snowy linen, the standards of flowers and fruits, the sideboard with its decanters.

"To be sure!" he exclaimed, inspired by a new idea.

Then he darted back into the drawing-room, approached a cabinet filled with china, and began to remove one article after another, until he stood in the midst of vases, jars, and dishes, all spread about him on the carpet. On one shelf the most fragile toys of Chinese porcelain were arranged, tinted the delicate green of the tea leaf, decorated with hovering butterflies and flowers, while on the next the scarcely less exquisite antique Ginori-work was represented by a coffee set in Pompeiian design. Mr. Derby's latest whim was for pottery in every form. The cushions in the corner were majolica, dishes lined the walls of dining and smoking rooms; his hearth must at least be made of tiles. At length he found the object of his search, and replaced the other articles with tremulous haste, in the dread that his guests, even the Prince, might walk in and find him thus employed. His face became flushed and his white cravat twisted slightly awry, owing to these exertions; still he persevered and triumphed.

This object of his search was a salt-cellar of Urbino. In coloring, age had blended the tints to a rich harmony of clouded yellow and pale green. Three battered Cupids, their yellow wings tipped with violet, upheld the central cup, deep chrome in hue, while perching on the corners, and holding smaller cellars in their laps. The happy owner had bought it only the other day in New York, and paid a price proportionate to its quaint ugliness and fancied value.

Mr. Derby rushed back to the dining-room, carefully placed salt in each of the little receptacles with his own hands, and added the specimen of Urbino-ware to the ornaments of his table. Was the Prince likely to take his salt from a cellar of Urbino at another table of Washington? In this doubt lay much glory to a lion-hunting host.

Scarcely had he made these arrangements when his guests appeared, to find him in the drawing-room, assuming an expression of indifference as one puts on a glove before entering company. The Prince had not yet arrived. The host had culled his little social nosegay with his usual care: a German diplomatist, rosy and amiable, with gray mustache *à la militaire;* a French attaché, handsome and agreeable; the Senator, pride of his State and nation, affable, courteous, invariably at ease; the member of Congress, whose last speech on Reform, delivered with an eloquence marking the true orator, had made a sensation in political circles, to whom dinner parties were most irksome. For the rest, an author of growing reputation, with shaggy eyebrows and humorous mouth; the Puppy, mildly inoffensive, with smooth brown hair parted in the middle; and a young clergyman.

In the midst of a few commonplace greetings, each ear listened for the sound of carriage wheels and the entrance of the Prince. Here he was in the flesh at last. Certainly the most remarkable-looking man in the room, this Prince. He was small and slight and young, with more the aspect of a student than a soldier, his physiognomy of the Calmuck type, pale, a round beardless face, and little twinkling eyes shielded by spectacles. Nature marks the dividing line of races with startling distinctness sometimes in a single face. The Prince's hands were those of a woman, slender, delicate, tipped with rosy nails, and the right one adorned with a rare intaglio ring. Never had Mr. Derby entertained a more charming and unaffected guest. If the singularity of his aspect rendered him unique, the cordiality and *esprit* of his conversation enhanced his claim to distinction. He was a great talker. No topic or language came amiss with him, while the sound of his own voice seemed to stimulate his vocal powers to an extraordinary exhilaration, which infected his companions. How the small eyes twinkled behind the spectacles! How marvellous the changes of that round white face, as the lips uttered words of acute wisdom and utter folly in a breath!

"He is a Macchiavelli," thought the Senator.

"He is a feather-top and a fool," thought the member of Congress.

Each judgment was correct and false.

At table the Prince became silent for a moment; his glance had fallen on the Urbino salt-cellar. A peculiar expression flitted across his features, he looked askance at his host, toyed with his spoon, and resumed his soup without comment.

Mr. Derby felt a glow of gratified pride pervade his whole being. The Prince had noticed his salt-cellar!

John Selden, vigorous, racy, and wise, did not preside over the board; there were no brilliant scintillations of wit, nor ready flow of repartee, but the dinner was a success, inasmuch as each person was comfortable. The member of Congress found the German diplomatist a good listener, while the latter silently consumed the edibles placed before him as a preliminary winding up of the powers of speech, which would act when his cigar was reached. The French attaché jested with the Prince about the latest Parisian novelty while trifling with a *vol-au-vent*. The Senator discussed varieties of foods, their cultivation and transportation, the consistency of a gravy, the bouquet of a wine, with the same gravity with which he endeavored to entangle the young clergyman in controversy.

"I shall be glad to show you a rare work in my library, *Ethics of the Fathers*, by Nathan the Babylonian," he said, in his smooth, affable tones.

The young clergyman bowed his thanks.

Further down the table the ball was kept spinning by the Author and the Puppy.

"We have to thank you for *Meltman's Trust*," said the latter. "Very interesting book, and universally praised."

"You are too kind, especially as I did not write the book," replied the Author.

"Did not write *Meltman's Trust?*" repeated the Puppy, opening his eyes. "I thought it was attributed to you."

"Very likely, and yet I have never beheld the cover of the, no doubt, valuable work," said the Author. "Does the fact surprise you? Never permit yourself to be surprised. Ten years ago I published a volume of sentimental poems. I fancied that I had stormed the world, and was well known. I visited a fashionable watering-place. You need no description of the class of place. Noise, confusion, crowds, mosquitoes, sand, over-dressed women, indifferent table."

"Very natural, indeed," murmured the Puppy, tasting an olive.

"My resort boasted a great lady, one star of the first magnitude," pursued the Author. "She came, with a maid, a corps of female relatives, the satellites, and a caravan of luggage. I behold her now, pacing the piazza with stately and ponderous tread, her draperies flowing about her, a fan in her shapely hand. In a fatal moment of youthful confidence I had presented a copy of my poems to a charming girl, thus revealing that I was an author, belonged to a class of unfortunates who are obliged to serve as pegs on which to hang the delinquencies of human nature. At the same time a periodical of the day appeared in our midst, humorously delineating the genus great lady on her summer tour. I enjoyed it innocently enough. Lo! my great lady bore down upon me with flashing eye, addressed me as 'Sir,' and taxed me with having written it to render her ridiculous. Denials were useless; I was drawn into a public vindication of myself; the hotel proprietor regarded me with an evil eye; I departed. The warmest advocate I made was a gentleman who remarked audibly, as the stage rattled away with my disgraced self: 'After all, he may have meant no harm. The portrait of Mrs. Blank was a clever hit. Besides, these fellows have to make their living somehow, you know.' Then I formed a resolution to which I have since adhered. I decided not to place myself in a witness-box for fools to cross-examine. I deny no charge. *Meltman's Trust* is attributed to me: I never read it. When I die I intend to leave a correct list of my works, and if posterity judges me fairly I shall be satisfied."

"Ignorance and prejudice go everywhere hand in hand," added the Senator. "Every Galileo must swear that the world is flat, to please his audience, even in this day."

In the mean while the Prince jested with the French attaché, or lapsed into German and English with his host and other immediate neighbor, the diplomatist. A keen observer might have noticed that his glance strayed to the salt-cellar from time to time.

"Pardon me, but are these Urbino salt-cellars much in use here in America?" he inquired.

"No," replied Mr. Derby, secretly elated. "I picked this one up the other day."

"May I demand where you discovered it?" continued the Prince, his round white face utterly devoid of expression.

"I bought it in New York."

"Ah! these specimens of Urbino majolica are so precious to us since the days when a king of Spain offered to replace the vessels in the Holy House of Loreto with others of solid silver," said the Prince, sipping his coffee.

The gentlemen withdrew to the smoking-room. Here pipes of every description were arranged on the wall, from the tiny opium tube of the Chinese to the large porcelain bowl of the Heidelberg student. A jar of fragrant Latakia occupied a table, bronze and gilded receptacles of cigars invited acceptance of their contents. In one corner was a pile of embroidered cushions, a Persian rug, and a nargileh, with its long stem twisted about the standard.

Presently the voice of the Prince became audible through the clouds of smoke. "And the salt-cellar of Urbino—has it not a coronet and eagle, with the letter L, painted by an idle hand, on the under side of the bowl?"

Mr. Derby hastened into the deserted dining-room, emptied the salt from those curious cups of yellow and green, and returned with it in his hand. The others crowded around. The Prince reversed it in those delicate womanish fingers of his, and pointed to a little crest and eagle, with the letter L below, painted with an almost microscopic skill. He laughed lightly.

"I painted the crest myself. This rare specimen of Urbino once belonged to me, and formed a portion of my collection at St. Petersburg. It was stolen by a dishonest French valet. *Voilà tout!*"

The salt-cellar, a bit of majolica, guarded by its three little battered Cupids, with their brittle violet wings, had vanished from among the treasures of a Russian palace five years previous, during the absence of the owner. By a curious coincidence it had reached America for sale, having passed through many hands, at the time of the Prince's advent. He had recognized it, and curiosity, that prominent Muscovite trait, had finally induced the questions propounded to his host.

Next day Mr. Derby sent to the Prince, with his card, a salt-cellar of Urbino, with three Cupids perched on the corners, the whole piece a marvel of richly blended coloring, mellowed by age.

Virginia W. Johnson.

FRESH BEEF FROM CHICAGO.

In 1827, Mr. **Archibald Clybourne** established a small slaughter-house on the north branch of the Chicago River for supplying the garrison of Fort Dearborn and the little settlement near by with fresh beef. Five years later the establishment was moved "away out on the prairie" to a point which is now the intersection of Madison Street and Michigan Avenue, and here the business of the first year amounted to 150 head of cattle killed and dressed.

In 1846, Mr. **H. R. Smith**, of New York city, after a journey of twenty-two days, reached Chicago, and began the collection of the first herd of Illinois cattle intended for the New York market. Having obtained 225 head of cattle, he started with them in May, and after a journey of 100 days, he landed them in prime condition in New York, where he disposed of them at a profit of $8 per head. During this drive of nearly a thousand miles every river had been crossed by swimming.

In 1854, the first packing-houses were established in Chicago. They were small and crude affairs, and their season for work lasted only from October until April. The real foundation of the present enormous business was laid in 1868 by Mr. **B. P. Hutchenson**, who in that year established himself in the packing business. It was not until 1875 that experiments were tried in the shipment of fresh beef in carcass to England and Scotland, and in 1878 the first dressed beef transported in cars especially prepared for the purpose was shipped to Boston by Messrs. **Plummer & Hammond**.

So rapid has been the growth of this business that at present a dozen or more wealthy firms in Chicago and vicinity are engaged in butchering beef to be sold, in various forms, at points thousands of miles distant from the slaughter-houses. Most of the meat handled by these firms is packed after being cured by pickling, smoking, or canning, only the choice cuts being sent East. The houses of **Swift Brothers & Co.**, **Hammond & Co.**, and **Nelson Morris** are the only ones which ship their beef in quarters to the Atlantic coast cities and to Europe.

Most of these firms are located in the immediate vicinity of the great Union Stock Yards adjoining the southern boundary line of Chicago. These great yards, which to-day are the centre of the cattle trade of the United States, were opened on Christmas-day, 1865. They cover 345 acres, which when first occupied was low swampy land, and which was selected solely on account of its contiguity to the several railroad lines over which stock was shipped to and from the city. With each successive year the great stock yards have been improved and enlarged, until now they are the nucleus and support of the thriving town of Lake, which adjoins South Chicago at the stock-yard fence. In this busy little town, which sprang into existence because it was needed, and increases yearly in area and prosperity for the same reason, the best of order prevails at all times, owing to the careful and well-considered management of its affairs by a committee appointed by the Board of Control of the yards.

That the business of these Chicago stock yards is annually increasing—and that at an astonishing rate—is shown by the report of last year's transactions, which gives the receipts of cattle for the year as 150,000 head over and above those of 1880. The heart of the stock yards is the Exchange Building, in which many of the large dealers have offices, and where nearly all business is transacted. In addition to thus locating themselves directly upon the scene of operations, most firms employ expert buyers, who keep themselves posted as to the character and condition of incoming cattle, and are prepared to bid upon every car-load long before it has reached its destination. The firms shipping beef in sides or quarters, to be kept fresh until delivered, must and do obtain the highest grades of cattle, and upon purchasing a lot of steers they carefully examine each animal. If one is found which falls below their standard of excellence, he is driven to one side to be sold to parties who do not ship "whole packages."

During the afternoon the purchases of the morning are driven into pens connected with the abattoirs, where they are fed, watered, and allowed to rest. This is done in order to quiet them, and cool them thoroughly before killing. When it is decided that they have attained the proper temperature and composure, they are driven, a few at a time, up a gently inclined plane that leads into a narrow passage. From this passage small pens, each intended for the accommodation of but a single animal, open by doors that are of the same size as the passage. Having entered one of these traps, of which the door has closed behind him, the steer must stand motionless, as he has no room in which to move in any direction. The cattle are "handled" into these pens by men stationed on a platform above them, and provided with long saplings armed with blunt spikes. These, however, are but little used, the aim of the men being to coax rather than to drive the cattle to their fate, that they may literally meet it with as much coolness as possible.

When the pens are filled, a quiet man armed with a long slender iron spear, of which the head is broad, bright, and keen-edged as a razor, walks deliberately along the platform above the pens. He stops over each one, glances down through an opening at his feet, thrusts his spear through the same opening, using so little force that the motion is merely an easy dip of the weapon, withdraws it, and moves along. The thrust of the spear is followed so instantly by the fall of the animal that unless the delivery of the blow has been noted and its purpose understood, it is almost impossible to realize that a bullock has been thus easily and quickly killed. The quiet man with the spear is an ex-Union soldier, and is known as "**Jack**, the Cavalry-man." His present business is to kill from 4000 to 5000 bullocks every week, and at the same time to accomplish the killing as quickly and with as little pain to the animal as possible. If the animal is struck by the spear on a line between the ears, the spinal cord is severed, and he drops dead without knowing the cause of his sudden demise.

In the building beyond these pens, entering which has proved so fatal to the steers, are sixty or seventy "beds," as the floor spaces directly in front of the pen doors are designated, which are scrupulously clean, but very wet. As one of the pen doors is raised, a dead steer is seen in the little inclosure. A chain is slipped over his horns, a steam-driven windlass revolves, and he is dragged from the pen to the bed. Here he is immediately set upon by a gang of butchers, each of whom performs his allotted task and no more. One stalwart fellow strikes the dead animal a couple of blows in the forehead with a sledge-hammer; another lops off his hind-legs, and makes a few rapid passes with his curved knife; others are at work upon the fore-legs and head; and when each has completed the work allotted to him, he passes on to another bullock, and another specialist takes his place.

In making his sketches for the illustrations on our double page, our artist was much perplexed at the rapidity of movement about him, and the sudden and radical changes in the appearance of his subjects. He thus describes his difficulties: "You seek what you think to be a quiet corner of the room; suddenly, a dead bullock, whose presence has been unsuspected, is jerked bodily from somewhere and deposited at your feet. A fellow comes along and taps him on the head with a sledge-hammer. You make a few lines to indicate the action, and glance toward the subject. There has been a change in the scene; the party with the hammer has disappeared, and other men are rapidly dissecting your bullock. One has taken off the legs at the knees, and another, having severed the head, is extracting the tongue from behind. If you stop for a moment to consider this change, your next view will be that of a very much amputated ox, with both sides skinned. Beside him now stand a couple of oil-skin-clad butchers, clipping their knives across their steels before making the few passes at the late ox that will prepare him to receive the attentions of the axe-men, saw-men, and gambrel-men, and a minute later your recent promising subject, transformed into two sides of beef, has been washed, dried, and hung upon wheeled hooks that run upon a railway pendent from the ceiling, along which it is rapidly disappearing, as it is trundled along toward the first cooling-room. At this point you examine your sketch, and find that it contains only the lines representing the action of the party with a hammer who first appeared on the scene."

In this first cooling-room, into which our artist has watched his "subject" disappear, the temperature is between 40° and 50°, and here the sides remain until all animal heat has left them, when, thoroughly chilled, they are moved on into the cold and darkness of the storage-rooms, the temperature of which is not allowed to rise above 40°, and the air of which is perfectly dry, no traces of moisture exhibiting themselves even upon the walls. Their storage capacity is 5000 beeves.

The apartments in which the meat intended for foreign shipment is stored apparently contain the choicest beef. Of this meat each quarter is cased in an envelope of clean, strong muslin, by workmen clad in surprisingly white garments that reach nearly to their heels. When ready, the quarters are rolled on to a portion of the track which is connected with a pair of scales, the weight is quickly noted, and the masses of meat are shouldered by the men in white, and borne to the refrigerator car that occupies a track but a few steps distant. Two rows of hind-quarters are ranged on either side of the car, hung by short hooks that depend from a wooden frame-work above. The centre of the car will contain six rows of fore-quarters, hung from galvanized iron bars by long double-pointed hooks. On the floor of the car, beneath the hanging masses of meat on wooden frames, are placed the livers and hearts, or an occasional invoice of pickled tongues or small barrels of selected tripe. The contents of two cars thus packed are equal to those of three cars of live stock, each containing nineteen head of cattle. The refrigerator car is not opened until its destination is reached, when it is unloaded, if possible, at night. The ice cylinders at each end of the car are replenished three or four times during the trip from Chicago to New York, more than a ton of broken ice being required for each replenishing.

One of the great dressed-beef firms, whose operations now extend to all the principal cities of the country, owns 464 of these refrigerator cars, aud controls the patents under which they were constructed. At the stock yards their own locomotive makes up their trains, and they constantly employ a large force of men in their car work alone.

After the meat has been disposed of, the remainder of the bullock is by no means valueless. The horns and hoofs go to the comb and button makers, the "switches," or long-haired ends of the tail, to the hair-curlers for mattrasses, and the hide is dropped into the great cellar of the building, where it is salted until sufficiently cured to go to the Pennsylvania tanneries. All refuse remaining, even the blood, is immediately utilized in the adjoining fertilizer factory. The moment one lot of carcasses have been removed from the "beds" they are cleansed with warm water and "squill-gees," or rubber mops, and made ready for new arrivals. The order and regularity of the establishment are remarkable. Superintendent **Foster** is a thorough disciplinarian, selects his men carefully, pays them excellent wages, and will retain none who is not willing to conform strictly to his rules, one of which forbids smoking on the premises.

Experiments have shown that beef thus killed and handled can be kept perfectly sound and good for a month, or even more; and men who have been in the business for years believe that before long the abattoirs will move westward until they reach the immediate vicinity of the great ranges in Montana and New Mexico. Figures furnished by the Hon. **J. R. Dodge**, statistician at Washington, give the number of beef cattle annually slaughtered in the United States as 6,250,000 head, weighing 3,125,000,000 pounds.

According to the report of the Chicago stock yards for last year their cattle receipts were 1,498,550 head, exclusive of calves. The largest number of cattle received in one day were 11,063 head, and for one month 151,545 head. Their total receipts of cattle for the sixteen years that the yards have been in operation is 13,046,483 head.

MRS. LANGTRY.

Mrs. **Langtry** is generally admitted to be beautiful. Her face is refined and quiet, her carriage distinguished by the ease of movement which always seems to go with graceful outlines. Her sobriquet "the Jersey Lily" shows that even to the popular mind her appearance suggests the exquisite poetry of the immaculate flower. Mr. **Abbey**, under whose management she is to play here, in an interview on his return from England refrained, with the same tact which the London critics have shown, from discoursing at length on her beauty. He, however, spoke of her hair and complexion as lovely. As neither hair nor complexion goes for much on the stage, since either can be so easily made up, and as her beauty is not of the dashing kind which sparkles so brilliantly in the glare of the foot-lights, it follows that her enemies have done her injustice in attributing her success entirely to her personal appearance. That the latter has much to do with it I do not doubt. Cleverness and beauty combined will often achieve a speedier success than genius without the allurement of personal charms. No one has yet discovered in Mrs. **Langtry** the genius which would justify her engagement to star in this country on her merits as an actress only. Yet it is acknowledged by many who recognize her failings as an actress that her beauty gives a certain charm to her personation of certain parts, which would be lacking in the performances of others histrionically more gifted than she, but without those physical endowments which have given Mrs. **Langtry** a high rank among "professional beauties"—a class of which American society is fortunately as yet guiltless. For, happily for the modesty of American womanhood, feminine beauty is so general here that our most beautiful women are saved the mortification of becoming unduly conspicuous.

Mrs. **Langtry** comes here after a brief provincial tour and a briefer season in London. She scored a decided success as Hester Grazebrook in **Tom Taylor**'s *Unequal Match*, made a pleasant impression as Miss Hardcastle, and a dismal failure as Rosalind in *As You Like It*. The most judicious criticisms on these performances have appeared in the London *Telegraph*. They are marked by discrimination and by an evident desire to treat the débutante with perfect justice. "Her attractive qualities and her self-possession," says the writer, "have been the main-stay of her success. We found in her Miss Hardcastle great promise, but lack of experience. We found in her Blanche Haye the same natural gifts, of course, far more self-possession, a refinement of manner and charm of voice still more noticeable, and a progress that in so short a time was very remarkable. Mrs. **Langtry**'s Hester Grazebrook in **Tom Taylor**'s *Unequal Match* is altogether far more interesting than any of the series, and it is so far the best thing the novice has done, bolder in attack, and better in result—a success due in a very great measure to personal charm and natural gift, but showing a conspicuous advance in the student."

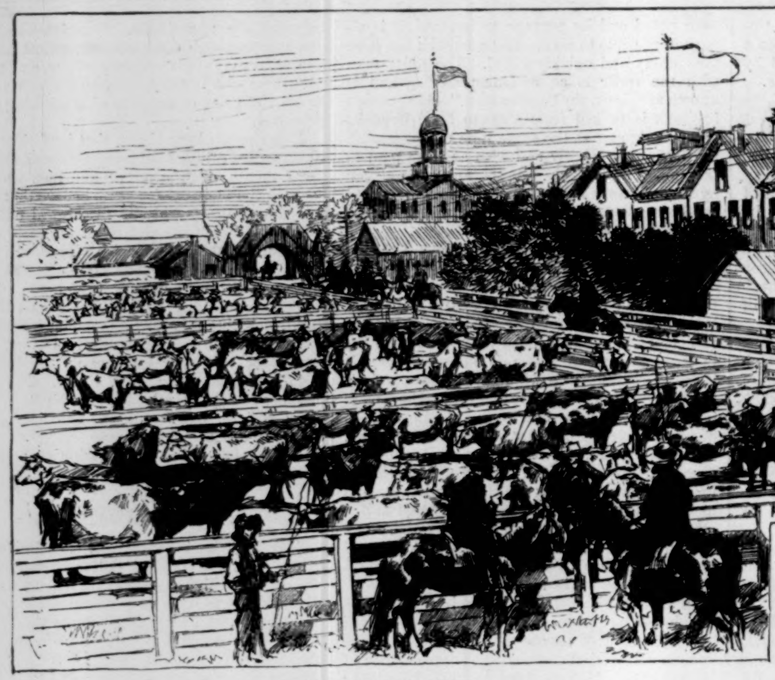
As it is understood that Mrs. **Langtry** is to make her début here in the *Unequal Match*, some further particulars of the play and of her Hester Grazebrook will be interesting. In the first act Hester is an artless village maiden, who is wooed and won by an English nobleman; in the second, she is a loving wife, roused to jealousy by the intrigues of a rival; in the last, she simulates indifference and cynicism to win back her truant husband.

It was considered in London that in the first act Mrs. **Langtry** should have been less of the lady and more of the hoiden. Disagreeing with this general opinion, the writer in the *Telegraph* remarks: "She idealized the village maiden as a painter like Sir **Frederick Leighton** would idealize the heroine of the 'Lord of Burleigh' story. If Hester is not in some kind of way ideal, the story loses half its charm and interest." And later he speaks of Mrs. **Langtry**'s performance in this first act as ideal in conception, and both musical and graceful in execution.

In the second act the tender scenes with her father were found genuine and unaffected; the cry of anguish, the passion of despair, following her supposition of her husband's faithlessness, artificial and insincere. Her performance of the third act seems to have been replete with banter and satire.

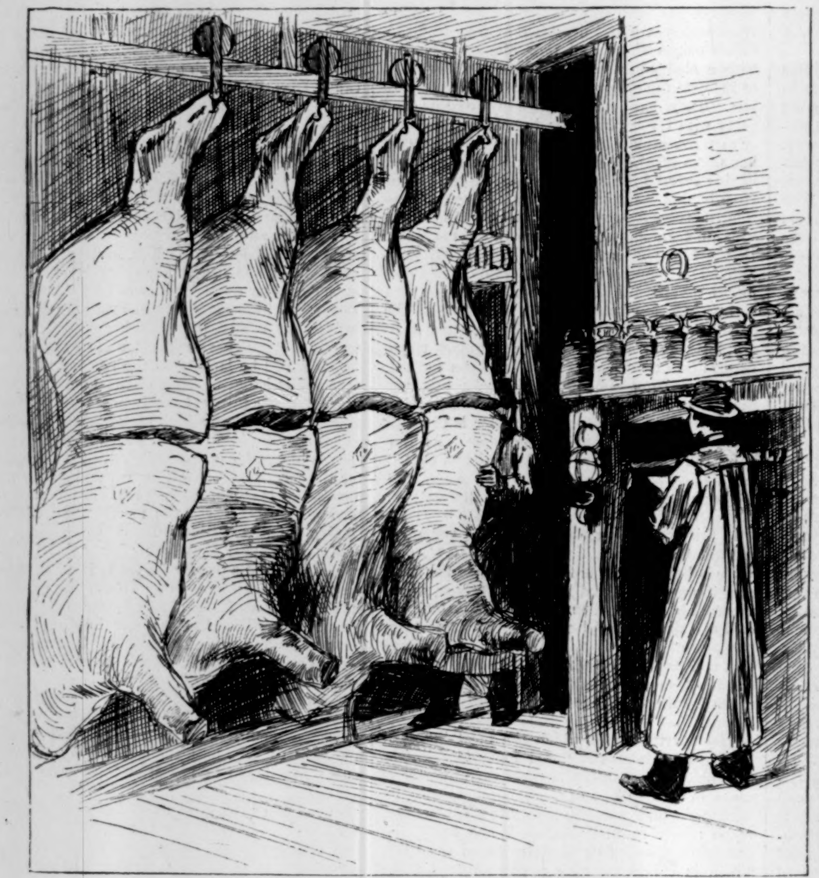
Mrs. **Langtry** is the only daughter of Mr. **Le Breton**, once Dean of St. Hellers, Jersey. Her first appearance was in some tableaux at Mrs. **Freake**'s, in Teddington. Her first speaking part was at a performance at Twickenham, when she appeared with Miss **Henrietta Hodson** in the *Fair Encounter*.

Gustav Kobbé.

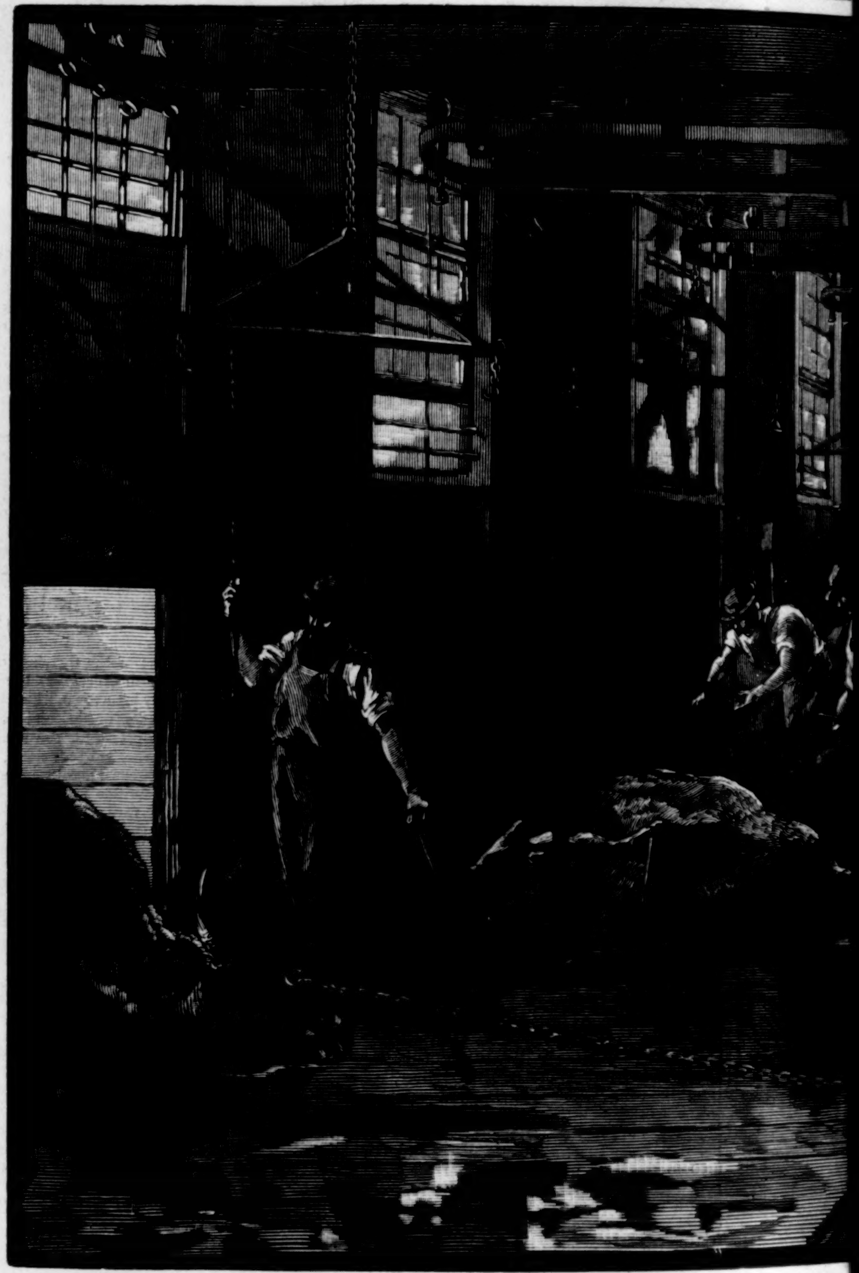


TRADING FOR STOCK.

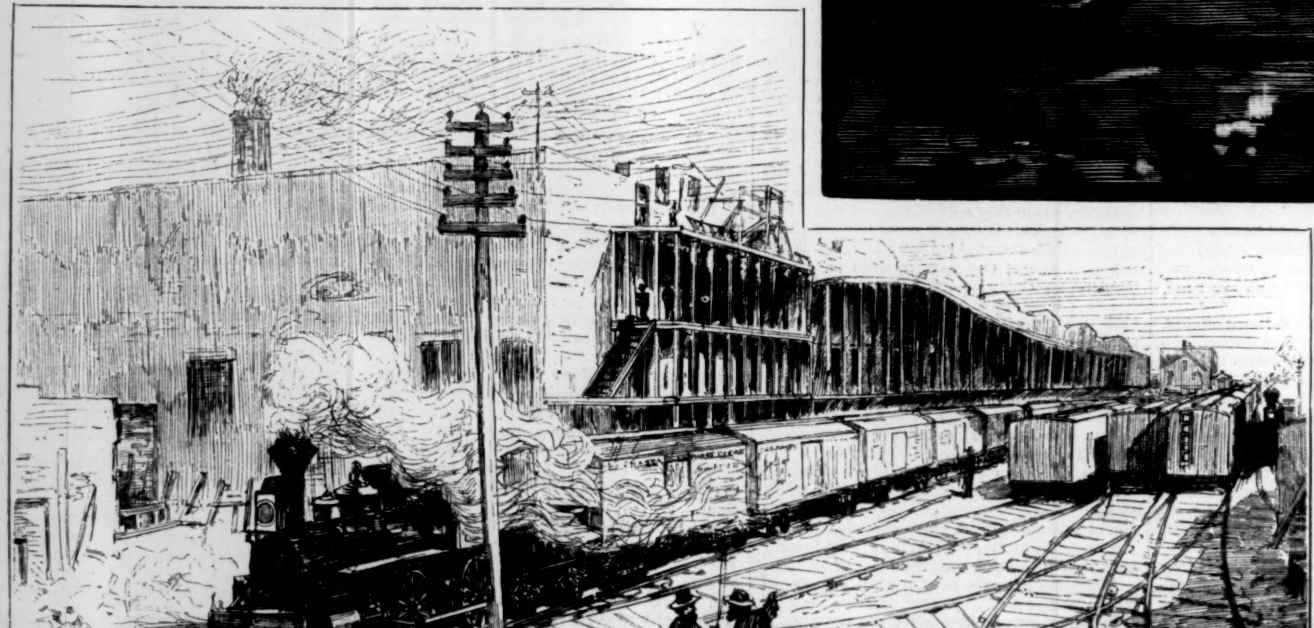
A GLIMPSE AT THE BEE



WEIGHING SIDES EN ROUTE FROM REFRIGERATOR TO CAR.



THE DRES



SHIPMENT EAST AND TO EUROPE.

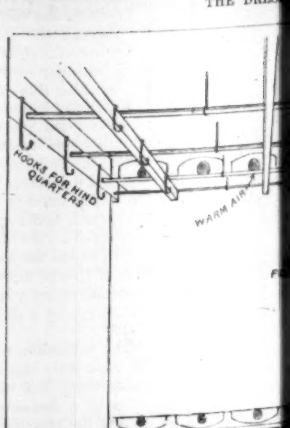
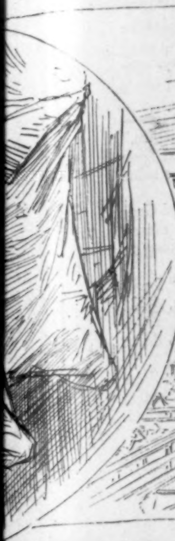
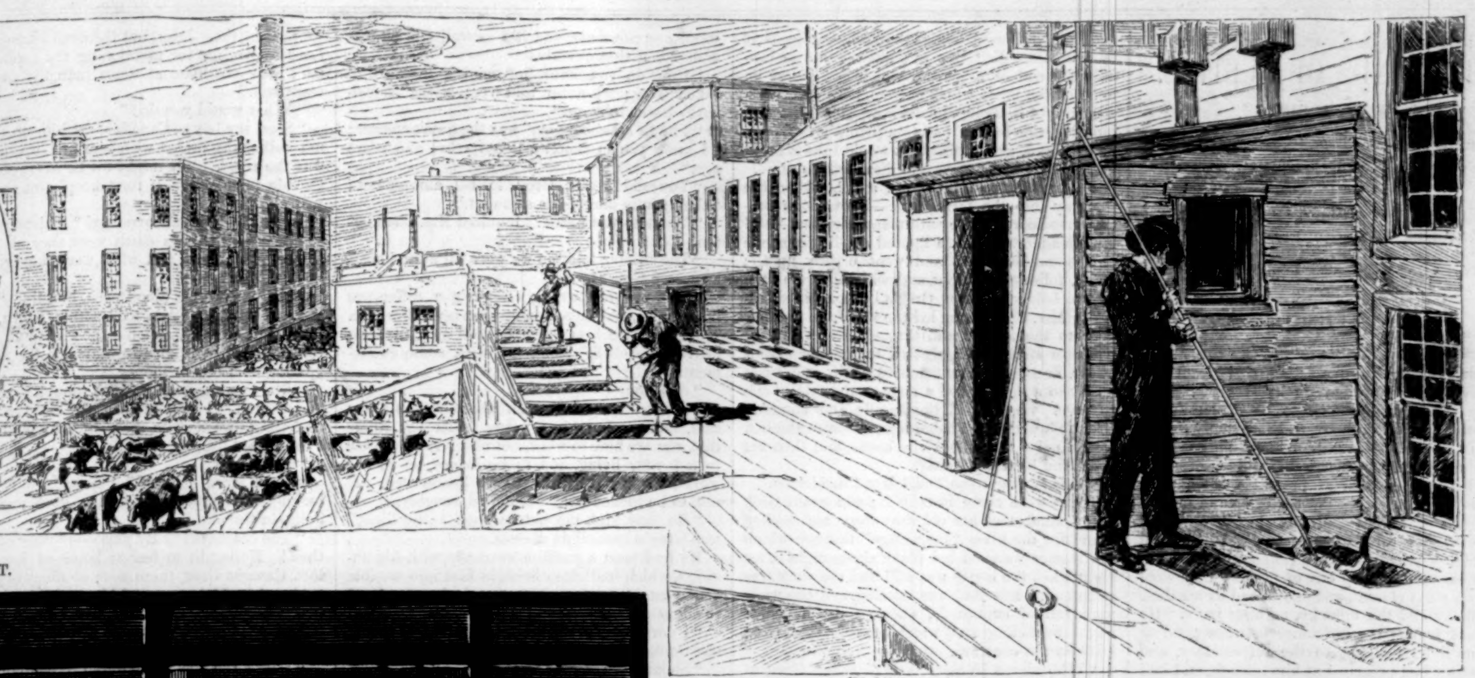

HOOKS FOR HIND QUARTERS
WARM AIR
GALVANIZED PAN TO CATCH WATER FROM MELTING ICE

DIAGRAM OF RE

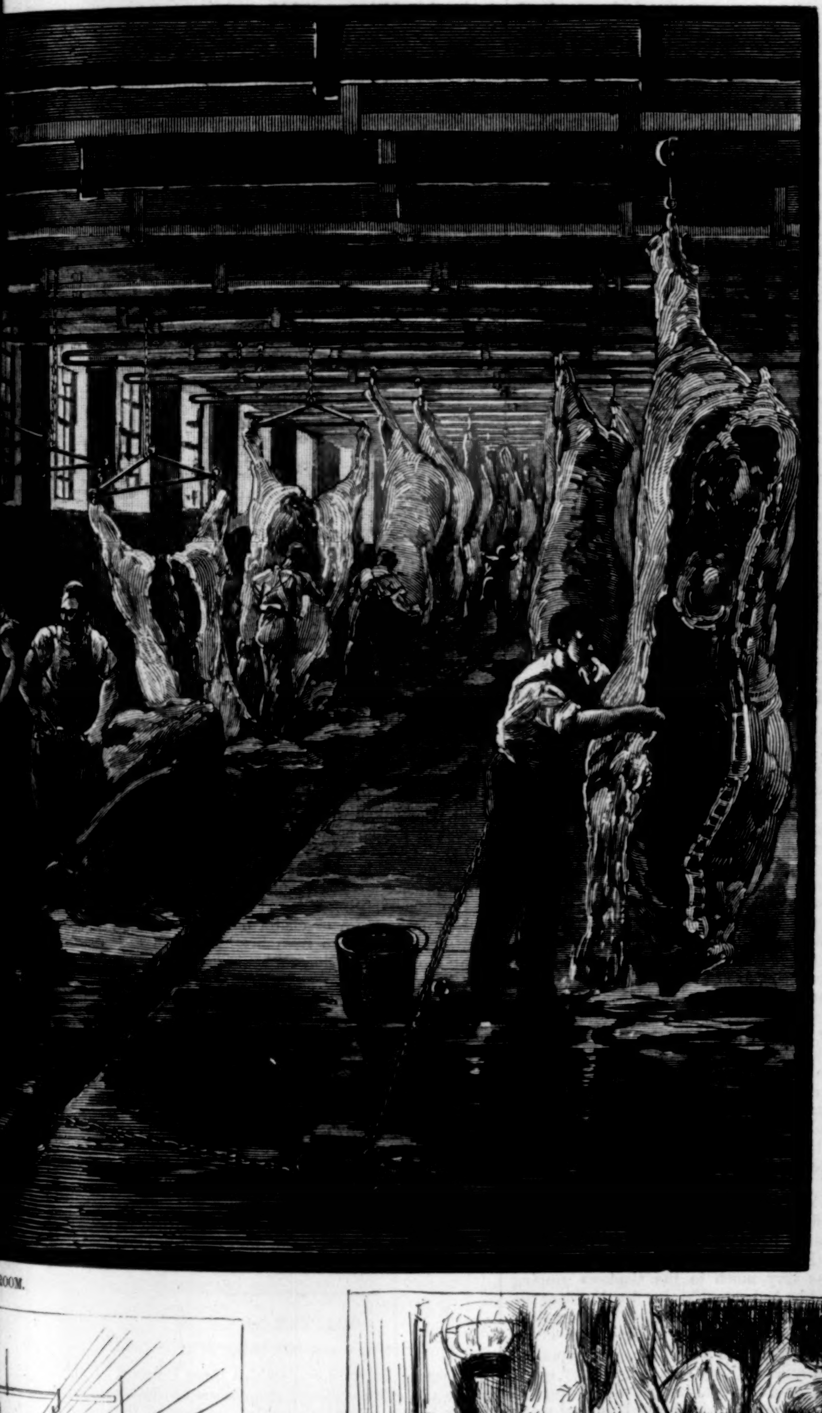
THE TRANSPORTATION OF DRESSED BEEF FROM THE WEST—CHICAGO CATT



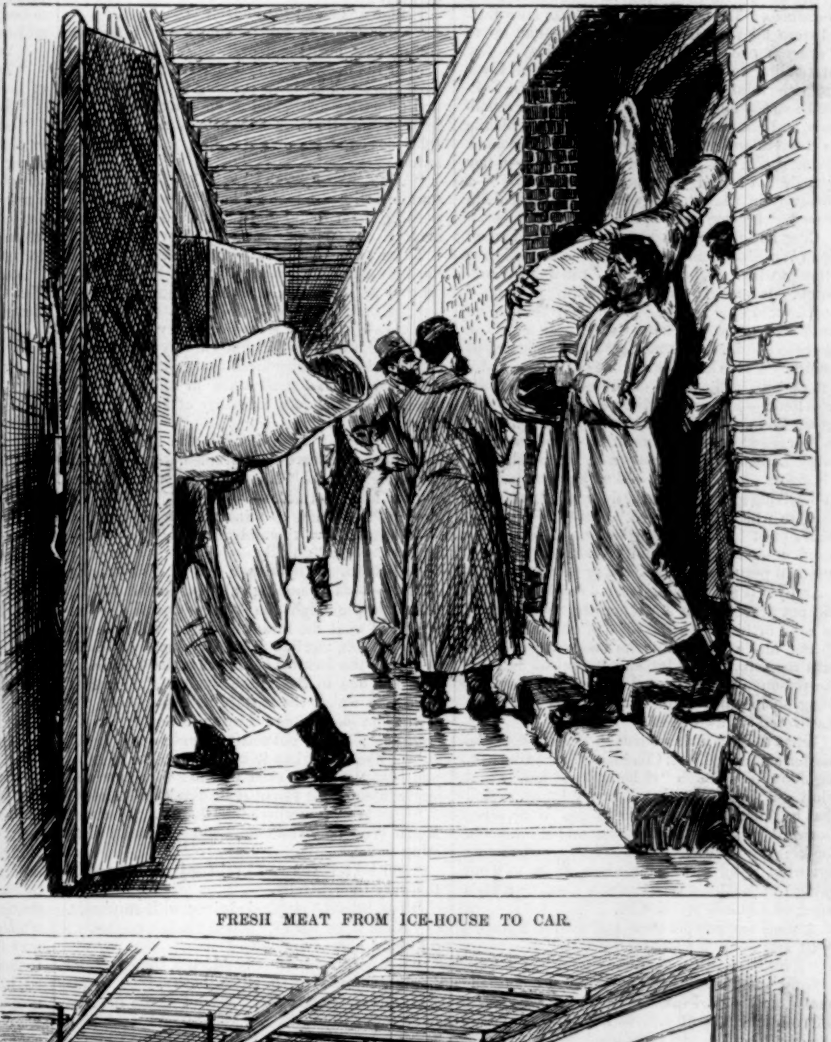
BEEF THE ENGLISH MARKET.



HOW CATTLE ARE SLAUGHTERED.

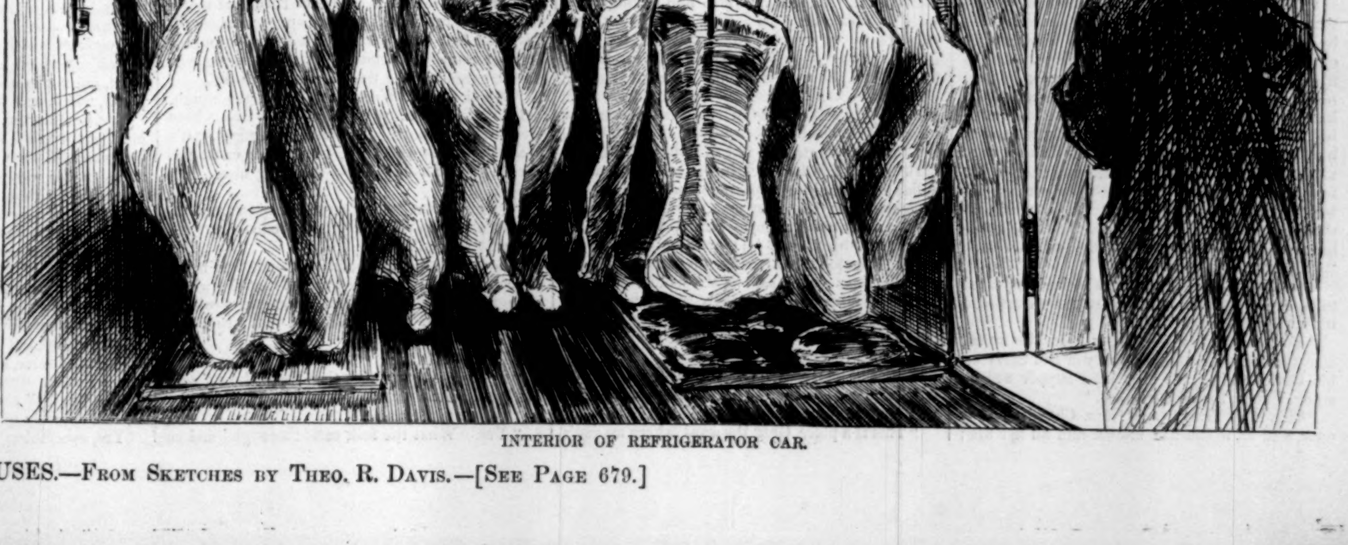


RES ROOM.



FRESH MEAT FROM ICE-HOUSE TO CAR.

RE RATOR CAR.



INTERIOR OF REFRIGERATOR CAR.

TT YARDS AND SLAUGHTER-HOUSES.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 679.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.]

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST

CHRONICLES THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF JOHN WOODHATCH, AND THE VERY BAD INTENTIONS OF GREG DORWARD.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. CHADDERTON.

Gregory Dorward was startled from his apathy by Mr. Woodhatch's last remark. Naturally suspicious—trained to be suspicious of everything and everybody, to be eternally watchful of his chances in "the open"—he was once more certain that he was the object of some deep-laid plan, which at present was an utter mystery to him. Greg did not believe in philanthropy, and indeed had not heard anything about it; humanity to him consisted of people who had been in prison, and people who had been lucky enough to keep out of prison, they were the two great classes, and one as bad as another. The lucky and the unlucky, nothing more. He had not known the difference between good or evil until he had got to the reformatory, and there they had preached at him enough, and had puzzled him a great deal, without impressing him in the least. And suspicion had grown with him there also. The boys by whom he was surrounded were all the same—all like him—and up to "every move on the board," with just a few pretending to be sorry, for the sake of favor from the minister, or good marks from Mr. Fretwell and his subordinates. He had been rebellious, and not too careful in disguising his dislike to those in authority, and hence he had become a black sheep, forever under punishment—a boy despaired of and pronounced "incurable"—a castaway in whom nobody had faith until John Woodhatch came upon the scene.

Greg had no faith in himself either, and when John Woodhatch announced what he was going to attempt with him, he had no faith in John Woodhatch. It was all "a dodge," life was "a dodge," and he was only savage with himself because he could not guess what the dodge was about or likely to end in. This man who had appeared so suddenly before him was not one of "the school," put on by Daddy Devil, or the old pals in Bolter's Rents—put on by Kitty even; he had deceived him at first into thinking that he was, and had dragged him off hundreds of miles from Drury Lane, and set him down in Lincolnshire—a horrible place, all wind and as black as a coal. And driving along that dark, dusty road, with the wind, to which he objected, almost blowing the teeth out of his head, Greg had been nearly imposed upon again by John Woodhatch's frankness and peculiar way of treating things.

And yet it *was* all a dodge. John Woodhatch had not dragged him down here for love of him, or hope of him, with the idea of making a man of him, and a good man; he was only in league with the reformatory lot, and the prison lot, and the prison director lot, or else he was up to something on his own account which was not to be discovered yet awhile.

What did the little woman in black, whom the master had called Mrs. Chadderton, mean by asking John Woodhatch "if he had got him"? and what did John Woodhatch mean by answering that he "had got him safe enough," if he, Greg Dorward, was not surely understood? Trust him for keeping his eyes open, after this, and finding out what it all meant for himself; he was not going to take John Woodhatch's word, or Kitty's word, or anybody's. Not he.

A man stepped forward and held the horse's head, and John Woodhatch said,

"Here's home, Greg; jump down."

Greg tumbled rather than jumped out of the chaise, and landed himself on Fladge's feet, who left off laughing at last to howl. Greg joined the group outside the farm-house doors.

"A little friend of mine, Mr. Larcom, who is going in for farming," said John Woodhatch to the tall man who had been the first to welcome back the master.

"Let us have a look at him," said Mr. Larcom, catching Greg immediately by the cap—and with a good handful of Greg's hair inside the cap—and twisting him round to the light from the farm-house windows. "Aw, John Woodhatch, here's work cut out for thee here, I'm thanking. How old's the creature?"

"Sixteen, or thereabouts."

"I've seen better sparcimens," he added; and though Greg wondered what the speaker meant by "sparcimens," he thought here was another of the lot he should hate like poison. And a man with an uglier twist of the wrist he had never met, except it was a policeman he had known once in Drury Lane. This man, however, had almost broken his neck in trying to look at him, as if he could not have waited till they were all in-doors. The girl in white approached her father, and regarded him also with strange interest, but did not speak—at least to him, although she whispered a few words to John Woodhatch about him, at which he laughed, and said, "Oh, I am not afraid."

The thin woman in black, who had appeared to be expecting him, remained in the background until the farmer said:

"You might show our young friend his room, Mrs. Chadderton; and, Fladge, you can carry up his box for him. By that time supper will be ready, I hope, for all our sakes."

"This way, Greg," said Mrs. Chadderton at once, and as if she had known him all her life; and Greg followed her, still wandering on as if in a dream. No; this was not the end of it—only the end of a journey which had cleard up none of the mists which surrounded him. Greg was sure of it, though he did not put his thoughts quite into this form: it was "a plant," was Greg's opinion still, and probably it would take a great deal of time and patience to disabuse his mind.

He passed from the noise and bustle in the roadway into the farm-house—into a big-roomed, stone-floored place with many corridors—and Mrs. Chadderton took a lighted candle from one of the maid-servants and went briskly up the stairs, followed by Greg, and with Fladge a step or two behind, bearing Greg's box on his shoulders. Mrs. Chadderton led the way from the first floor to the second, and through a labyrinth of passages strongly suggestive to the new-comer of Mr. Fretwell's establishment again, and came finally to a halt before a door at the end of the passage. She turned the handle and entered; Greg followed, and Fladge lumped down the box with a noise that shook the house, and then sat down and blew vigorously.

"This is your room," said Mrs. Chadderton.

There were three beds in it; and again Greg was reminded of his old dormitory, and looked round for the glass "inspection" through which the master watched his black sheep night after night when the house was still and the work was at an end. But that was missing, and the walls were full of cupboards, where a dozen people might be hiding and watching, for what Greg knew to the contrary.

"Who sleeps in *them* beds?" asked Greg at once, like a youth particular as to the company he kept.

Fladge answered for himself.

"I, for one," he said; "that's mine; this be yourn, Greg, near the door."

Near the door. All the better for that, thought Greg Dorward, his ideas running in one groove—that of getting away, and as speedily as possible, from Farm Forlorn. This was uppermost still, despite the confidence placed in him by John Woodhatch.

"You'd like a wash?" said Mrs. Chadderton, standing with a bunch of keys in her hand, and twisting them round and round in a mechanical manner. "You have come a long journey, Greg?"

There was no occasion to answer that question; the old woman knew he had come a long journey as well as he did; and as for liking a wash—well, he never *had* liked washing, although there was always a fuss at the reformatory about soap and water, which he had known very little about until he had been introduced to the establishment, and then he had used them in silent protest against the ridiculous formality of keeping himself clean.

"All the way from London, the master tells me," Mrs. Chadderton continued. "Ah, well, you're better here than there, if you can make up your mind to think so."

"I ain't had time to think," muttered Greg.

"I should have thought you had," Mrs. Chadderton answered, quickly.

Greg bestowed upon her one of his sidelong glances—born of looking sideways in the streets, where people might be looking for *him*—and wondered what she meant by that. Was she going to preach, too, like John Woodhatch, like old Cream at the lock-up house upon the Common? Was she one of the "psalm-smiters," or one of the lot of which the farmer had spoken in the drive from Skegs Shore railway station? He did not know; he did not seem to know anything of anybody yet. He had to keep his eyes open, that was pretty certain; even this old woman would be clean down his throat if he didn't look sharp!

"This is a place where they don't ax questions, Mister Woodhatch told me," said Greg, with withering satire.

"Did he tell you so?" rejoined Mrs. Chadderton, very thoughtfully.

"Yes, he *did*," responded Greg, with emphasis.

"Blest if he didn't," added Fladge, suddenly; "I heard him say myself—"

"Get out," said Mrs. Chadderton, sharply; and Fladge, submissive to all authority, rose to his feet, and floundered backward out of the room at once. Greg thought Mrs. Chadderton would follow Fladge, but she did not. She stood in the middle of the room, twisting the keys round still, and looking at the bunch as if for one in particular, which was to lock him in; and Greg took off his coat and began to wash, by way of a hint that it was now etiquette for a lady to withdraw. But Mrs. Chadderton made no movement to retire, and seemed perfectly unconscious she was in the way. Greg dried his face upon the towel, and looked round odd corners of it at her during the process. Perhaps Farm Forlorn was a madhouse after all, and this was one of the mad ones! Perhaps he *was* mad himself, and had never been told so yet. They had driven him raving mad with rage once or twice at the reformatory, and locked him "in solitary" for safety and for punishment, where John Woodhatch had found him, first of all, he remembered. Perhaps Mother Chadderton was his keeper—how could he tell? He didn't like the looks of her, now he came to inspect her critically. She was very thin and bony, her face was white and full of hollows, with two dark eyes set so far back in her head that a peculiar skeleton-like appearance was the result. They were very searching eyes, though, and stared unmercifully at Greg, who turned away at last, having an objection to be stared at.

"No, we don't ask many questions, and perhaps it is as well," said Mrs. Chadderton, after mature reflection upon Greg's last statement to her; "and I don't know that I have any questions to ask; but as I am housekeeper here, I have one or two things to say."

Greg put his coat on again, turned down his cuffs, and waited for the information which she was ready to impart.

"This is a place, Greg Dorward, where we don't stand any nonsense, and it's as well you should understand that quickly."

"How do you know my name's Dorward?" asked Greg; "I never told yer; Mister Woodhatch never told yer."

"I know all about you," was the quick answer; "I knew you in Bolter's Rents years and years ago."

"You did!" said Greg, in his amazement; "then you're one of the same lot."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Chadderton.

"The master told me we were all alike here," answered Greg.

"The master's wrong. There's a difference between us, and there's more than one difference. The difference between good and bad, between heaven and hell," she cried, with some excitement.

"And you—"

"I haven't come to talk about myself," she said, interrupting him; "only to let you know that you are here to work, not play; to learn how to get your living, and to be helped on in the world, if you have learned your lesson well. If not, to be kicked out," she added, roughly.

"He may kick me out as soon as he likes," was Greg's immediate answer.

He had been a youth ever ready with his answers, which had often brought him into trouble at the establishment where they had endeavored to educate him.

"I dare say that will be soon enough, then," she replied, regarding him curiously.

"Shouldn't be 'stonished if it was."

"You'll have your chance, at any rate," remarked Mrs. Chadderton; "and then there will be nobody to blame but your miserable self. You will not be able to blame John Woodhatch."

"Who wants to?"

"You will be grateful to him, perhaps; many of them are; but then your name is Dorward."

"So you've said."

"And a Dorward never came to any good—never did any good to anybody else—was never anything but a big black blight. So I told the master when he talked of bringing you here, and so I tell you to your ugly face. Now come down to supper," she added; "the back room, mind, not where the master is. He's had enough of you for one day."

And with these uncomplimentary remarks, Mrs. Chadderton left him to find his way down to the ground-floor as best he might.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE CORRIDOR.

Greg thought over this short, sharp interview before he followed the housekeeper's last piece of advice, and arrived speedily at the conclusion that he should dislike Mrs. Chadderton very much indeed. He was an insolent being himself, always finding an immense difficulty in responding graciously to anything, but the remarks of the housekeeper had jarred upon him as well as perplexed him. He was "a big black blight," was he? and she told him that to his ugly face, did she? And a Dorward never came to any good, nor did any good, she said, as if she had known all the blessed family. He should have hated Mrs. Chadderton like poison, if he had been going to stop at Farm Forlorn, which he wasn't. Catch him at that fun—oh yes!

He went down-stairs light in hand, after one critical survey of bed number three, which was for a third person who had not been introduced to him—unless Spikins was the missing party—and he quickly lost himself along the corridor on the first floor, which he had fancied was the basement of the house, and so had gone blundering along, wondering at last where he was, and cursing the intricacies of the establishment into which he had been dragged. Presently he came upon a draughty window, which was open, and through which the wind that had followed him all the way from Skegs Shore was rushing with uncomfortable coolness and keenness. As Greg passed, his candle was blown out, and he was left to grope the rest of his way in the darkness. There were no lamps in the long corridor, but there was a light here and there stealing from beneath the doors of various rooms, and Greg was half disposed to knock and ask his way to supper, which he feared might be over before he got there, if they gobbled it up as quickly as they did their meals at Fretwell's.

He was very much in the shadows groping there, and he had raised his hand to knock at the panels of one door, from beneath which a light was streaming, when his own name from within the room startled him not a little. The upraised hand slid quickly to his side, and the boy, quick and agile as a serpent, dropped to the keyhole and put his ear to it, as he had listened many times at Fretwell's place, where spying and eavesdropping had been part of a daily avocation, everybody wanting to know what new business was on the cards to wear their restless lives out.

"Wa'al, Friend Woodhatch," said the rough, outspoken tone of voice of the tall man whom Greg had seen outside the farm that night, "it's a mad business this Greg's, and thou canst not rayson me into thinking it anything else. Not thee, man."

"I don't want to say anything about it," answered the deep voice of John Woodhatch; "it's you who will talk of the boy."

"Because, my vary obstinate friend, thou'lt not be convinced by sarber argument that the whole plan is one of the wildest, strangest, weakest, that ever got into thy head, and that's saying a great deal."

"I'm not wise."

"I perfectly agree with thee there, John," said the other, with a chuckle.

"But I'm in earnest."

"Yes. What the folk call 'thorough,' and so we respect thee, John, but the devil himself—the Lord forgive me for mentioning the reprobate—isn't mair obstinate at times than thy own contrary self."

"What would you do?"

"Send the boy to Canada—set him up there—not bother thy brains with him in Lincolnshire," was the reply. "It might all be arranged from Canada just as well, if thou keep'st of the same willful mind."

What might be all arranged? whispered Greg to himself—what on earth were they all after? what had he done, and what were they going to do with him?

"No," answered Woodhatch, bluntly; "I will arrange it here. It's a wild notion, I own, Abel; but it can be done, and it's the right and proper thing to do. And at all events I'll try to do it, sparing no pains or money."

"Oh, wasting both, I don't doubt thee, John Woodhatch. I only wish thou hadst a better material to work upon than yon evil-looking lad. I do, indeed."

"I like him."

"Gard bless my soul! I never saw a worse-looking thief, and I've known a good many, too, John, in the old days."

"The old days!" By jingo—another of them, then! He ought to feel at home at Farm Forlorn, thought Greg, there were so many of his old trade, of Daddy's trade, of his mother's, skulking here out of the way. Not a bad place to hide either, getting clean away as a first start. Who would ever dream of Skegs Shore?

"I like the boy," answered Woodhatch, and here his hand came with an emphatic bang upon the table, where some glasses jingled noisily; "I see my old self in him, as I have told him—and, by God, I'll do my best. I do not believe—I will not believe," and down came the hand again, and evidently with greater force, "that I am going to fail because he's hard and full of evil, and trusts in nothing but his miserable self. Why should he not trust in me? Have I been straightforward with him?"

"No."

"Shall I tell him what my plan is?"

"That would be samply madness, John. Thou'lt never do that."

"It would not be wise—although I am far from wise, you know."

"Preceesly, John. But then—there's the other one."

"Ah! yes—the other one," repeated John. "I had forgotten."

"And there's one thing mair thou'rt forgetting, lad," answered the elder man.

"What's that?"

"Why, the supper, to be sure—and Lucy all alone, and wondering what we two consparitars are schaming aboot," was the reply. "Let's get down-stairs, and I'll keep my old mouth as straight as I can, so that the lass shall not think I've been a-laughing at thee."

"Laugh on, old friend," was the hearty answer; "you'll not blame me even if I fail."

"Wa'al," came the broad accent in reply, "perhaps not. Thou'rt a rich man, and can afford to pay for failure; but, as I said before—"

"Yes, yes, we know. It's a wild scheme, it's everything that's weak and foolish, it's Quixotic, it's a leaf out of a play, and it's a play out of Bedlam, and it's Bedlam gone to the bad," cried John Woodhatch, with a loud laugh; "but still I stick to the idea, old skeptic." There was a hearty slap between some one's shoulders instead of upon the table, and a fit of coughing followed, and a protest against John's want of ceremony and roughness, being followed by more laughter, and then the noise of chairs pushed back, and footsteps. Greg rose from his knees and fled along the dark corridor, cannoning some one or somebody in his flight, and who, advancing in the opposite direction, received Greg's full charge at him, and went with an "Ugh!" against the wall, rapping his skull there sharply.

Greg ran on till he came to a flight of stairs leading downward, and saw servants at the bottom of it, and Mrs. Chadderton. He descended more decorously now.

"We have been looking for you everywhere. Haven't you met Fladge?" asked the housekeeper, looking up at him.

Greg thought he had just met Fladge, but did not say so.

"I lost my way down," he answered; then he went on to the supper-room, thinking once more of John Woodhatch.

CHAPTER XI.

"THE MAN FOR THE THIRD BED."

It was a hearty supper which Greg Dorward ate in a long low-ceilinged room crossed by heavy oaken beams, and which was at the back of the big farm-house. The uncertainty of his position, the mystery which surrounded him, the doubt of the object which had brought him into Lincolnshire, did not in any way tend to spoil Greg's appetite, which was fairly vigorous.

Mrs. Chadderton supped with him, sitting at the head of the table, very grave and silent, but with her watchful eyes everywhere, although on this occasion she was watchful lest the plates should be emptied without her cognizance. Two or three farm servants, or who looked like farm servants, of the masculine gender—young, strapping, rosy-cheeked fellows—supped with him and Mrs. Chadderton; Spikins, at an angle of forty-five, sat on Greg's right, and presently Fladge came into the room, rubbing the back of his head as though he had hurt it somewhere. He looked hard at Greg as he entered, but Master Dorward ate on in conscious innocence, and thought that the suppers at Farm Forlorn were a considerable improvement on the "skilly" served out at the quarters which he had recently quitted.

Yes, everything was an improvement after all, the prospects were brightening, and the outlook less dark to Greg of Bolter's Rents. He was no fool, this boy—nay, more, he was, to an extent, a youth of forethought, and as he continued his supper, he was calculating the possible advantages of submitting himself to the rules and regulations of this new establishment. Whatever was in store for him, there was at least the growing fact that no harm was intended, and probably much good. And startling and most remarkable fact of all to the boy's disturbed mind was this, that John Woodhatch actually liked him! Greg had heard the master confess as much in the shadows of the corridor, and very much amazed he was, knowing that only Kitty had ever cared for him in all the world, and out of all the world; knowing that he was generally hated, and feeling possibly he deserved to be hated for hating everybody else. And John Woodhatch had said in the room on the first floor, "I like the boy," and had said it twice, too. He could not do much harm by stopping a little while, Greg began to think for the first time: here was a man who liked him, and a rich man who kept a big house, and was going to do something for him presently. He would like to know awfully what Mr. Woodhatch thought of doing for him, and why the other man thought John Woodhatch was mad and foolish to attempt it. And he must stay to know all that; stay some time, and give the place a trial; look about, and keep his eyes open.

He had some trouble to keep his eyes open at all the remainder of that evening. He had been accustomed to get to bed early at Fretwell's school—even in the daylight when the summer nights were short—and he was wholly unused to railway journeys, and country air at the end of them, and drives across country in a high wind. He was anxious to keep awake—to have his ears open as well as his eyes—but sleep was strong upon him, and his eyelids were unaccountably heavy. He dozed off presently at the supper table, waking up with a start to find all eyes upon him, and Fladge grinning at his efforts to keep awake; he met Mrs. Chadderton's long and steady stare in his direction before she faded away into a mist into which he was lost, and then jerked out again by his head nearly falling off; he heard the clattering of plates and dishes which were being cleared away; he became conscious of Mr. Woodhatch standing in the open doorway facing him, and regarding him as gravely as Mrs. Chadderton had done, and then the young bright face of a fair-haired girl, dressed in white, shone by the farmer's side and disappeared again, as a ghost's might have done, before he was thoroughly conscious where he was, and what he wanted in that prosperous home.

"You are dead beat, Greg," said Woodhatch's voice in his ear, suddenly, "so good-night to you. We will talk of business in the morning."

"Yessir," answered Greg, in his old fashion.

"Good-night, Fladge," the farmer added; "you'll go up with him."

"Ay, ay. I've been ready long ago," answered Fladge, with another burst of laughter. Greg felt for the first time slightly nervous at sleeping in the same room with this laughing lout, who was "wrong *here* a little bit," as Mr. Woodhatch had delicately put it. He hoped it was only a little bit; he had not thought much of it before, or cared much whether it was a little bit or a big one, until the fact that he was going upstairs arm in arm with him to bed began to impress him by degrees uncomfortably.

Nevertheless he was too sleepy to think the matter out; he wanted rest, his bones ached, he was not quite certain he was very well, despite the large supper—or on account of the large supper—which he had consumed, and he was very quickly in the bed near the door which had been pointed out to him as his especial property.

Fladge, like himself, was a youth of few words, Greg perceived, and that was some consolation. Greg wanted rest, and no conversation with his companion, and Fladge, though he smiled once or twice to himself at his own happy thoughts, sat on the edge of his bed and did not ask any questions, even about their early meeting in the corridor. Greg fell asleep very quickly; it was not a sound, refreshing sleep, but troubled with "jumps," the last one of which so pleased Reuben Fladge that Greg, who had jumped back suddenly to wakefulness, found his companion standing by the side of the bed with a broader grin than usual on his countenance.

"Nightmare," observed Fladge, "kicking nightmare. I knows 'em—I hates 'em."

Greg regarded him doubtfully.

"Ain't you a-goin' to bed?" inquired Greg. "What are you staring at me for?"

"I'm going to bed presently. When the lights are out—and I feels safe," explained Fladge.

"Oh!" said Greg, turning his back upon him and rolling the sheets round him. He did not drop off readily to sleep again, having his doubts of Master Fladge now, and thinking it was not at all unlikely that Fladge would feel in his pockets presently, or get his key and open his box, or "nick" the worsted purse which Kitty had given him that morning, just as he might have done himself under similar circumstances. But Reuben Fladge had no felonious intentions; he walked to the window, opened it, and leaned out with his arms crossed upon the sill, intensely interested in the dark sky, or the dark garden and farm land beneath, or in the present condition of the weather, and totally regardless of the breeze which he was introducing to young Greg.

"What are you openin' the winder for?" asked Greg, sullenly, at last.

"I'm hot," was Reuben's answer.

"I ain't," said Greg.

"Oh, you're all right; you're a lucky one; ain't you, now? ha! ha!"

Greg thought it was not desirable to continue the conversation any further, and he was not disposed to quarrel about windows, open or shut, tonight. To-morrow night he would "let him have it," if he tried that game on any more. He wondered faintly what Fladge meant by calling him a lucky one, and how much, or little, *he* knew of the business on hand; and then he dropped off into sleep again, and dreamed he was "in solitary," where somebody had taken the roof off to let in all the cussed wind—wind which blew the "solitary" down at last, and covered him with bricks and mortar, and nearly pressed him into his grave, he thought, till he woke with a wrench and a groan from nightmare number two, and was convinced that he was still in bed, and shaking like a jelly.

He looked round for Fladge, expecting to find that youth once more studying him, and amused by his contortions, but he was not by his side on this occasion. He was not in the room even, Greg discovered, after a moment's glance round the apartment; the candle was guttering in the wash-stand in the draught; the beds before him were unoccupied, and had not been occupied; the latticed window was being swung to and fro in the wind, its metal frame clashing unpleasantly against the wall; two flower-pots on the sill had been blown into the room, and were lying smashed upon the floor—and Fladge was gone. It was the noise which had awakened Greg, and given him a nightmare dream of ruin and disaster; but it was the consciousness that Fladge had disappeared which made him sit up and rub his eyes to make sure that his companion had stolen away.

Greg got out of bed to look for him; to open cupboards, and peer under beds; to try the door, which was unlocked, and without a key; to go to the window and look down at the dark garden ground some thirty feet below, and speculate as to whether Fladge had gone that way, descending by the branches of a big old plum-tree, which was nailed against the wall. And having gone that way, with what object had he gone, waiting for Greg to drop soundly off to sleep before he slipped away?

"This *must* be a bloomin' mad'ouse," muttered Greg, as he stood at the window looking down for Reuben Fladge, "unless he's cut and run for it, bein' as sick of it as I shall be—jolly quick."

The wild blood in him, the impulse to be free and away, to be independent of everything and everybody, the terrible longing to go, made him envy the action of his companion, and wish that he was in his place. He had had four years and more of restraint, and it was hard to begin over again. Let them call this freedom if they liked; it was captivity to the waif's mind. It was trying to be good, and that he had always hated "werry much." He was born bad. He knew that. He knew well enough that Mrs. Chadderton was right when she had told him that a Dorward *never* came to any good; though how she knew it was one more of the mysteries to be accounted for to Greg in Farm Forlorn, when Greg had had time to settle down.

And settling down did not appear to be easy work, even settling down for the night. He would have been glad of one long, quiet rest to begin with, and it had been denied him, on account of the eccentricity of Reuben Fladge, whose footsteps he fancied he could hear now crunching on some distant gravel-path.

Greg, lightly attired, was still looking down at the garden, when a voice very close to him in the room gave him a second fright, and convinced him that he was possessed of nerves as well as other folk.

"Don't you think you had better get into bed?" were the commonplace words addressed to him, but sounding very strangely at that hour, and thus unceremoniously spoken.

Greg turned round with a start, to find a good-looking young fellow sitting on a chair unlacing his boots, and calmly surveying him.

"Who—who are you?" asked Greg, with a gasp.

"I'm the man for the third bed. Haven't you been expecting me?"

"No, I 'aven't."

"Are you the chap they call Greg?"

"Yes, I am."

"The new party we have been waiting for so long," he said, laughing. "Did you come from London to-day?"

"Yes, I did."

"I have come a long way, but not so far as that. What are you doing at the window; trying to catch cold?"

"I was looking for Fladge," answered Greg.

"Has he gone down that way?" said the young man, leaving off the unlacing of his boots, and joining Greg at the window. "Ah! he does, sometimes. A queer fish, Fladge. Touched, you know."

"Yes, I know," answered Greg.

"So are you a bit, aren't you?" asked the new-comer, with charming frankness.

"No, I ain't," replied Greg, very much disgusted with the inquiry.

"Somebody told me you were, I'm sure," said the other; "and I'm hanged if you don't look like it, hanging about there in your night-shirt. Why the devil don't you get into bed?"

"I got up becos of the row," Greg explained. "Them things were blown into the room, and then Fladge was gone. I thought he might have fell out o' winder."

"Not he. Trust Fladge not to fall anywhere but on his feet; he was a regular Jack Sheppard once. Did you ever read *Jack Sheppard?*"

"No," answered Greg; "I've heerd on him, o' course."

"Yes, of course. How long has Fladge been gone, did you say?"

"I didn't say," answered Greg, turning into bed again.

"I thought you did," said the new-comer. "Never mind; it does not matter; he knows his way back. I sha'n't sit up for him."

But he did not proceed with the the unlacing of his boots; on the contrary, flung himself outside his bed, and lay there, boots and all.

"Good-night, youngster," he said.

"Good-night," answered Greg.

"Are you sleepy?"

"No."

"You ought to have been, after your journey. I am. Oh," and here he sat up for a moment and looked across at Greg, "you need not say anything to Mr. Woodhatch or Mrs. Chadderton about Fladge's getting out of window. You're not such a sneak as that."

"N—no," answered Greg, "I ain't a sneak."

"It might worry them, and they are good souls, Greg; and Fladge doesn't mean any harm. There's not a better fellow living than Fladge."

"Ah," said Greg, apathetically.

"And he went away about half an hour ago, you say?"

"I didn't say so," cried Greg; "I don't know when he went; I didn't see him hook it."

"Oh! Good-night again. Get off to sleep as soon as you can," he advised, "for you will not have much rest at the other end of the day. We are early birds here."

"And late 'uns too,' thought Greg. And night-birds also, flitting to and fro in the darkness, like the owls and bats and foxes, he might have added, had he had time to think, or had known anything about the creatures which are restless after sundown, and wake with the oncoming night.

Greg curled himself round in his bed as though preparing to follow the counsel of his companion; but he was of a suspicious turn of mind, we are aware; and he kept an eye upon him, as the young man stretched himself full length upon the bed again, and yawned. It was a dark little glittering eye, too, which shone like a serpent's from the distance, until the light went out—or was puffed out—leaving the room in sudden darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

MR. FRANKLIN EDSON, the Democratic candidate for Mayor of New York, is fifty years of age, and a native of Vermont. He has been engaged in commercial pursuits since early boyhood; at first in Albany as an employé of his brother, CYRUS EDSON, and afterward as trustee of the estate of his brother. He was for a considerable time engaged in the business of distilling whiskey. In 1859 he established the firm of EDSON, ORR, & CHAMBERLAIN, grain and produce merchants, in Albany, and three or four years subsequently came to New York as the head of the same concern. He has continued in that business ever since, the firm name for the last fifteen years being FRANKLIN EDSON & CO. He has been three times President of the Produce Exchange.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

COMPLAINTS are made of an alarming tendency toward land monopoly in Texas. In one county six men and one corporation own nearly six hundred thousand acres, while nearly three-fourths of the tax-payers own no land. A large majority of the voters pay no tax of any kind. Of the heavy land-owners in that county are the Texas Land and Cattle Company, owning 246,484 acres; Richard King, 251,028; C. M. Rogers, 50,098; F. W. Shaeffer, 57,852; E. R. Rachal, 33,864, and George Reynolds, 21,299.

The horse on which Stonewall Jackson was riding when he received his death-wound is now twenty-six years of age, and is kindly cared for by General Jackson's father-in-law, Dr. Morrison, of Lincoln County, North Carolina. Little Sorrel is the name of the aged war-horse.

The gorge in the Yellowstone region, where, it is said, the atmosphere does not convey sound, would be a good place to start a telephone company.

An islet off New Zealand, which is to be one of the stations for observing the transit of Venus, is inhabited by a small colony of American whalers, and is described as "a sort of tropical paradise."

While willing to abide by nearly all the results of the late civil war, the Macon (Georgia) *Telegraph* protests against the substitution of the word *corn-husking* for "the good old Southern word" *corn-shucking*.

An eccentric Mississippian has offered two prizes for the State fair—a box of gloves for the handsomest unmarried woman, and a gallon of whiskey to the man who shall write the ablest essay on temperance.

The London *Times* is authority for the statement that very distinct landscape photographs have been obtained from a camera set in the window of a railway train running at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

A scheme to utilize the power that is going to waste in the great maelstrom off the coast of Norway has been devised by a man "of liberal education and pleasant address"—says the reporter—in Rochester. A turbine wheel about a mile in diameter is to be set in the maelstrom, and the stockholders in his national power-furnishing company are to have nothing further to do except to draw dividends till the ocean dries up.

On the 15th of this month the first three hundred years of the Gregorian calendar were completed. The computations which resulted in the change of reckoning and recording time were ordered by Pope Gregory XIII., and are believed to have been made wholly by Aloysius Lilius, using the Roman system of notation. Some idea of the perplexities of computation by that system may be obtained by working out a simple problem in multiplication—for instance, multiplying MDCCCXLVII. by CCXLIV. The Gregorian calendar has been adopted by every nation in Christendom excepting Russia. The change from the Julian to the Gregorian accounts for the fact that the histories of England and America mention no event happening between the 2d and the 14th of September, 1752.

Timely political advice from the New Orleans *Picayune*: "Never accuse a political opponent of a purpose to elect himself by the use of money. All who want money will rally around his flag."

An experienced guide in the Moosehead region has explained how the Maine law for the protection of deer operates. The penalty for shooting a deer, except in the three months beginning with October, is forty dollars, half of which is given to the informer. The value of the meat, hide, and antlers of a deer averages a little over twenty dollars. Deer are shot in and out of season, and if it happens to be out of season, the huntsman gets a friend to be the informer, and restore to him the informer's share of the fine. This, with the value of the deer, makes him a little more than whole; and he has had his sport, and circumvented the law. The fine for killing moose out of season is a hundred dollars, and this amounts to protection. Although they were seldom seen ten years ago in the woods of Northern Maine, they are now found there in abundance.

It is said that dry sand is the best material in which to pack oranges and lemons. The fruit is in direct contact with the sand, which absorbs all the exudations from the rind, and thus takes up material that would hasten decomposition.

The best evidence ever produced of popular faith in the predictions of the Signal Service Bureau was given recently, when two cyclones were announced as being on their way toward this city. One was coming up the southern coast, the other was spinning down from the northwest, and the probabilities were that they would strike New York almost simultaneously, and give it a shaking up that would be memorable. The big black-centred red flag was displayed over the Signal Office, and for several days a large fleet of sailing craft waited in the bay to see this warning signal hauled down. It was a severe test of faith in the Signal Service, since delay was costly to every one of the waiting craft, and in many instances perhaps the profits on cargoes depended upon arrival at their destinations as early as possible. The lowering of the danger signal was like the raising of a blockade. Sails were set, anchors were hauled in, and a great procession of vessels moved down the channels leading outside of Sandy Hook. The telegraphic reports of the cyclones' progress were read with as much interest by the general public as any part of the day's news, and it was said that persons were kept from riding on the elevated railroads by the fear that the storm would burst suddenly upon the city and sweep the trains from the tracks. A man was reported to have called at the Signal Service station to inquire whether he might safely remove the outside shutters from his house, and leave it thus unprotected while repairs were going on. Neither of the cyclones came, but the indications had been sufficient to justify the measures taken by the Signal Service officers. This was so clearly explained by them, and so generally read by the public, that the result will be a strengthening of faith in their predictions, notwithstanding the fact that neither of the threatened cyclones came within hundreds of miles of New York city.

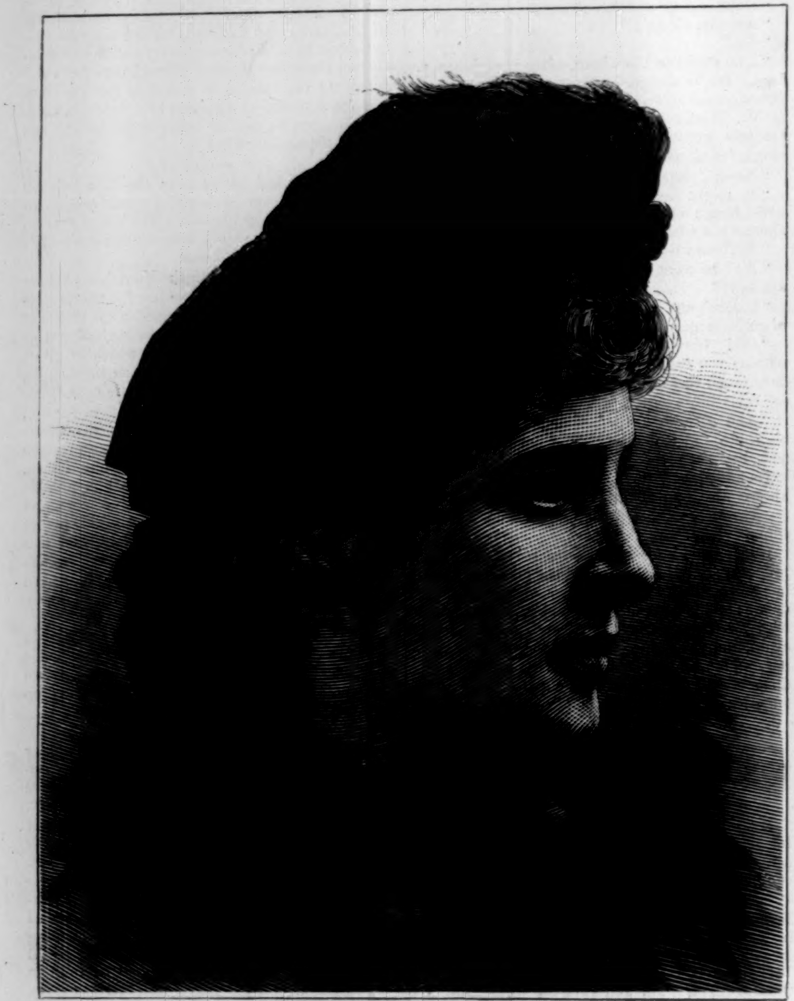
THE DETROIT WATER-WORKS.

THE new water-works of the city of Detroit are situated on the Detroit River, near its source in Lake St. Clair, and about two miles above the city limits. Belle Isle, the recent purchase for a park, here divides the stream into two channels. The site comprises nearly sixty acres, extending from the river to the continuation of Jefferson Avenue. The grounds are finely graded, and ornamented with fountain, miniature lakes, drives, shrubbery, etc. A canal sufficient to float the largest coal-carrying vessel reaches the engine-house, its east wall being a dock extending 1900 feet to the "channel bank." The engine-house, 100 by 69 feet, with two boiler-houses attached, each 51 by 41 feet, is of brick, with stone facings, iron cornices, and iron and slate roof.

The source of supply, the Detroit River, is of course inexhaustible. The "take-in" is entirely above the sewage outfall of the city. Lakes Superior, Michigan, and Huron collect their waters from the uplands of the central portion of the North American continent, and pour them close by the city in a mighty river toward the ocean. The winds and the waves of these great inland unsalted seas keep the waters pure as the waters gushing from the primeval rocks.

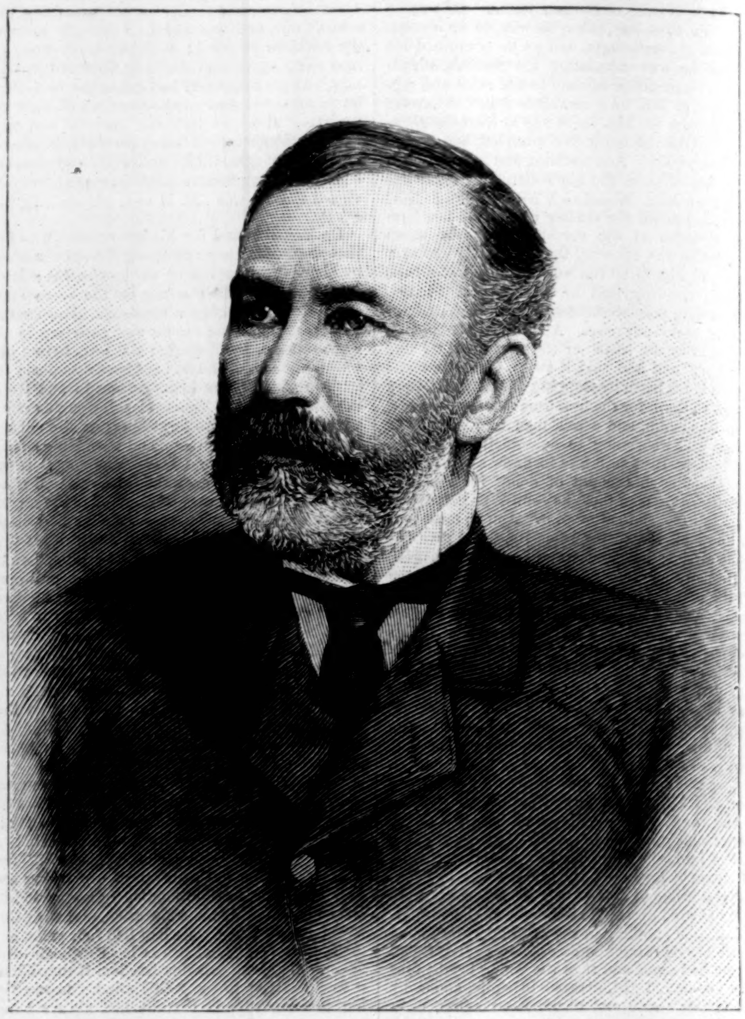
The water is taken from the American mid-channel, at a depth of twenty-seven feet, through a five-foot inlet pipe, 1200 feet, to a settling basin with puddled walls, 800 feet long, 365 feet wide, and 17 feet deep; thence by conduit, intercepted by two strainer wells, to the pump wells. There are two 42-inch iron force mains, having lengths respectively of 16,000 and 28,000 feet, connecting by different routes with the distributing mains. There are 221 miles of distribution mains, in immediate connection with which is a 9,000,000-gallon double-basin reservoir, its upper water-line seventy-five feet above the river, built for the old works.

The construction and management of the works are vested in a commission of five members, appointed one in each year by the City Council, on the nomination of the Mayor, and who serve without compensation.

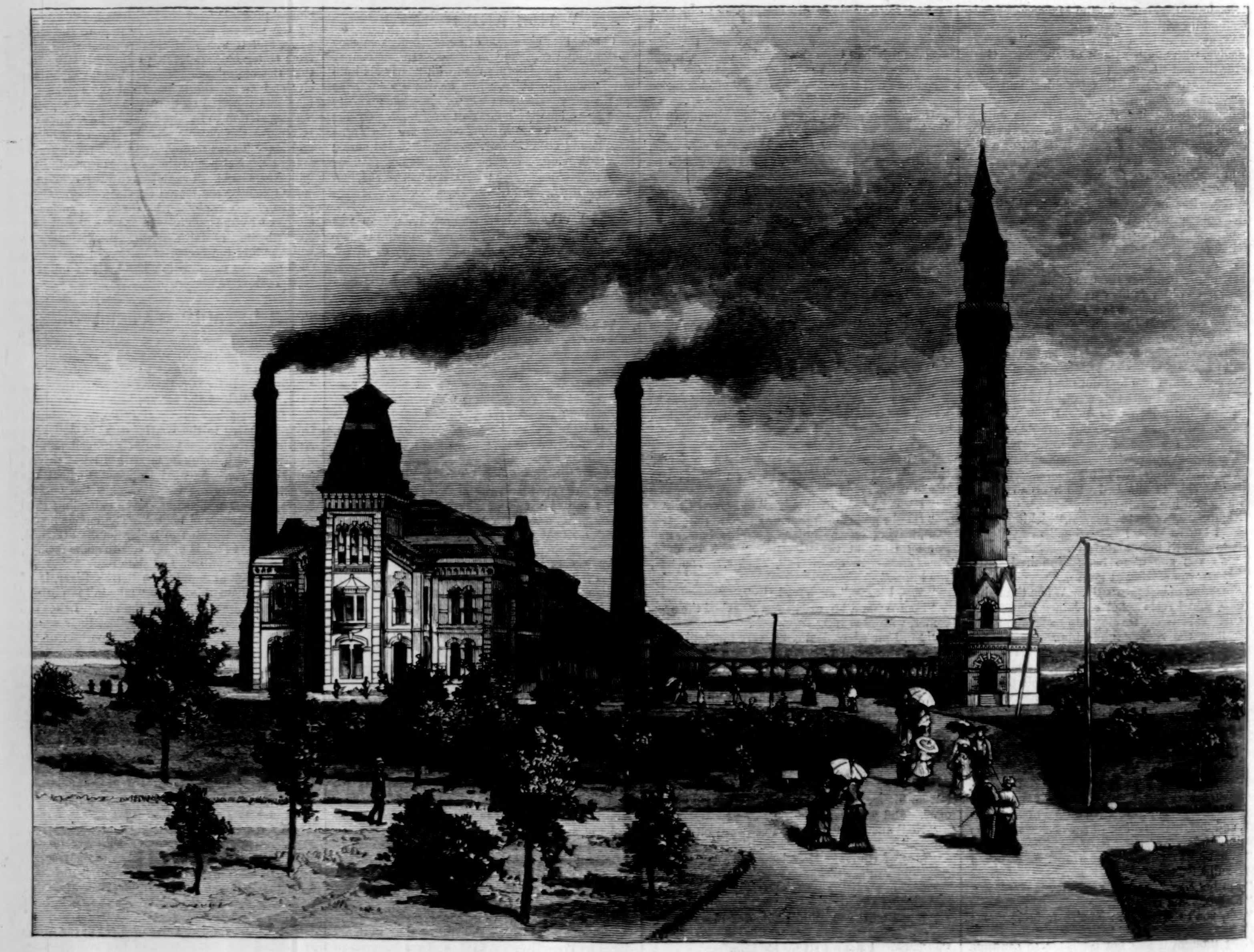


Lillie Langtry.

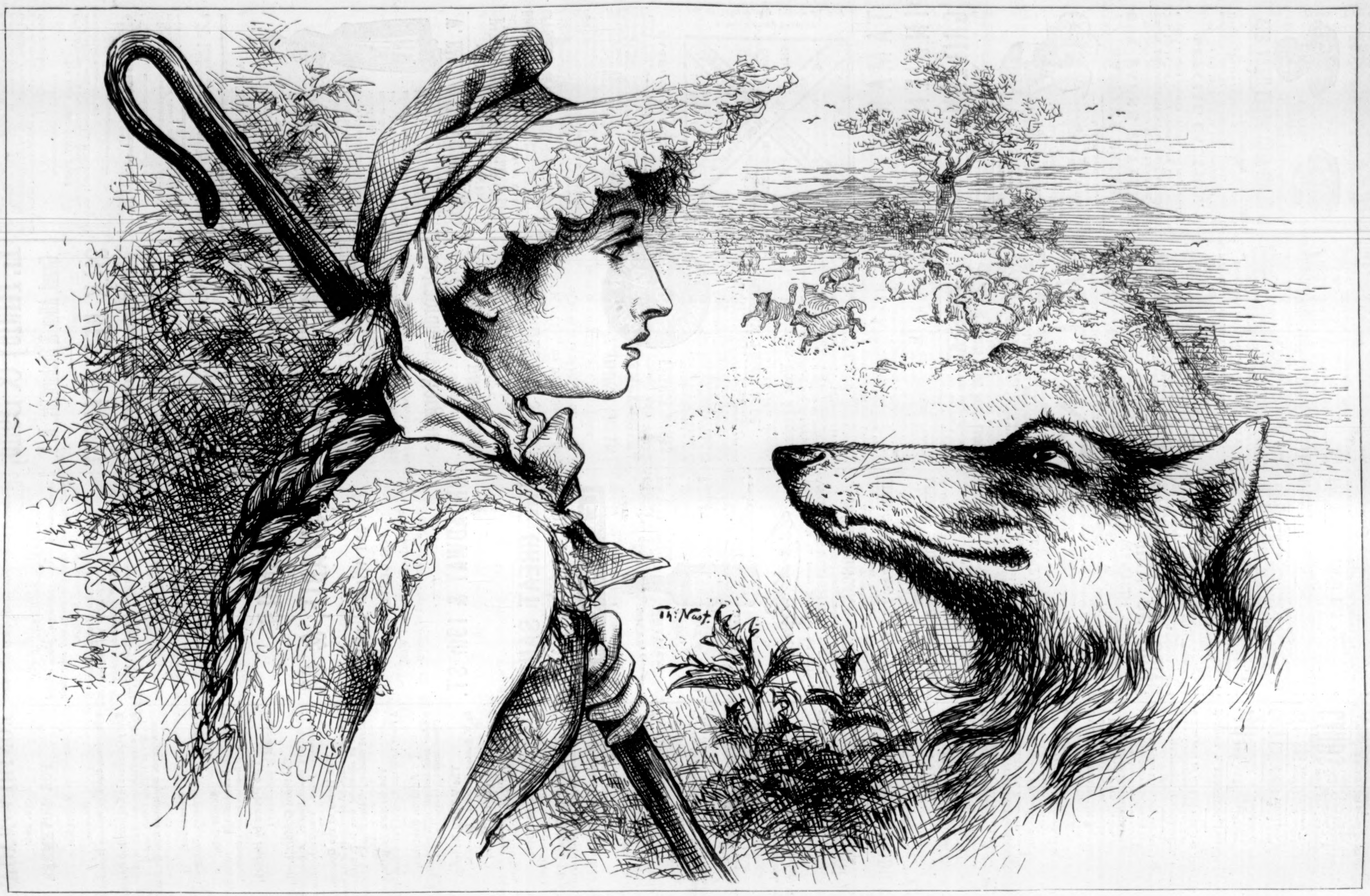
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BONING AND SMALL.—[SEE PAGE 679.]



FRANKLIN EDSON, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 683.]



THE NEW WATER-WORKS AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MILLARD.—[SEE PAGE 683.]



"'TIS TRUE, 'TIS PITY; AND PITY 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE."

DEMOCRATIC WOLF. "There are some black sheep in your fold, therefore you had better let me take care of the flock. Having been so long without food has made me very kind and gentle, and has changed my nature so completely that I am an excellent shepherd's dog now."

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Of a little one with firm, healthy flesh, feed it regularly, as directed, with Anglo-Swiss Milk-Food; excellent also for invalids.—[*Adv.*]

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Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for Harper's Bazar Patterns or for any other business.

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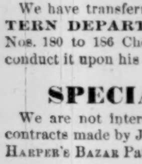

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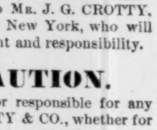

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PLEASE EXAMINE.

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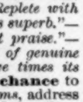

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(No. 390)
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JUST THINK! Clothes Clean, Sweet and Beautifully White without scalding or boiling!

The Soap positively guaranteed not to injure even the finest laces. No Yellow Clothes!

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This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real lady-like housekeeper;—when used for Scrubbing and Cleaning there will be no Croton Bugs, no Red Ants, no Roaches—all such pests come from Scrubbing with Common Soaps. Use it for Washing Windows and Mirrors, Goblets, Wineglasses, Fruit Jars and all kinds of Glass Vessels; ordinary Soap is not fit for washing glass, while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant article for this purpose that can be imagined.

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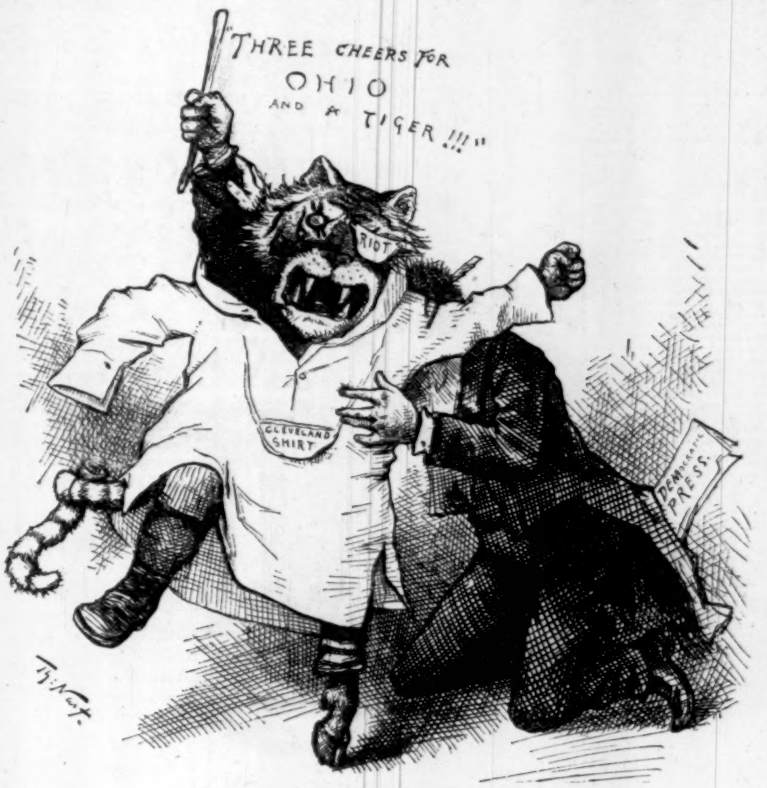
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"KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON!"

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It is the best for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin: a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even the Imported Castile Soap causes.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

It is worth ten times its cost. No baby will ever have its body covered with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—dont even scald them—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

No Steam in the House to spoil the Wall-Paper and Furniture.

—Ask your Grocer for it—see that you get what you ask for—
—And now for the most liberal proposition ever made to introduce goods—

A regular 10-cent cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap will be sent by mail (postage paid in full) *free of charge to the wife of a Grocer—free of charge to the wife of a Physician—free of charge to the wife of a Minister*, if she will send two promises:—*two promises must be made or no notice will be taken of the letter—*

Promise Number 1—That it shall be used on the whole of the regular family wash, and on the first wash-day.
Promise Number 2—That every direction (even the most trifling) shall be followed.

HOW OTHER LADIES CAN GET SOAP TO TRY.

—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps—
—Say she saw the Advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY, ***and make 2 promises—***

Promise No. 1:—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2:—That every one of the printed directions for using the Soap shall be EXACTLY followed.

Now by return mail a full size, 10-Cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage stamps have to be put on. All this is done for 10 cents, because it is believed to be the cheapest way to introduce it.

If you dont get the Soap it will be because you have not made the promises.

Only those get attention who make the promises.

Sold in New York by H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co.—Francis H. Leggett & Co.—Austin, Nichols & Co.—Woodruff, Spencer & Stout—R. C. Williams & Co.—S. Burkhalter & Co., and many others.

Sold in Brooklyn by Johnston Bros.—Valentine, Bergen & Co., and others.

Sold in Chicago by W. M. Hoyt & Co.—Rockwood Bros.—Harmon, Merriam & Co.—Gray, Burt & Kingman, and others.

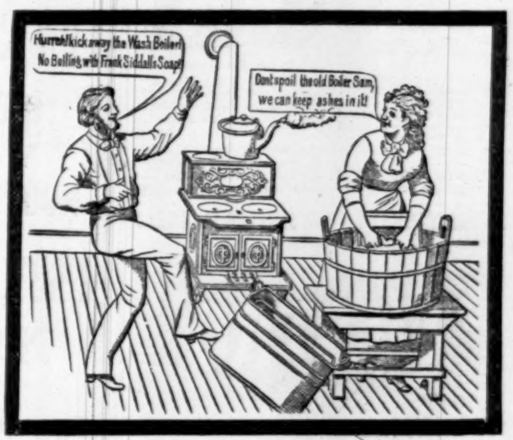
Sold in Boston by Martin L. Hall & Co.—Briggs & Shattuck—Howard W. Spurr & Co.—Boyd, Leeds & Co.—Chas. E. Moody & Co., and others.

Sold largely in Albany, Troy, Springfield, Ithaca, Utica, Binghamton, Rochester, Buffalo, Syracuse.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Grocers in Pittsburgh, New Haven, Cleveland, Burlington, Vt.—Burlington, Iowa, Baltimore.

If your grocer cares to accommodate you he can easily get it.

If your grocer will not accommodate you, send for a cake by mail—it will be cheerfully sent if you make the promises:—*if you dont make the two promises no notice will be taken of your letter.*


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler! No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!

DIRECTIONS
Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

A wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle answers for a large wash.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some of the delicate ingredients that are in this soap. *Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.*

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on the wash-board, and rub the Soap over it VERY LIGHTLY, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled pieces. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on the wash-board, ***and the dirt will drop out;*** turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw back in the suds for a few minutes.

Next comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, *and is for the purpose of getting all the dirty suds out*, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on the wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let stand 20 minutes, and wash the same way, making the last rinse-water soapy.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A PERSON OF REFINEMENT will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean, way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A person of intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A PERSON OF HONOR will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for the soap and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn; stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, *and the clothes will iron easier.*

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch, and then starch in the usual way the pieces that require starching.

Address all Letters, OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.